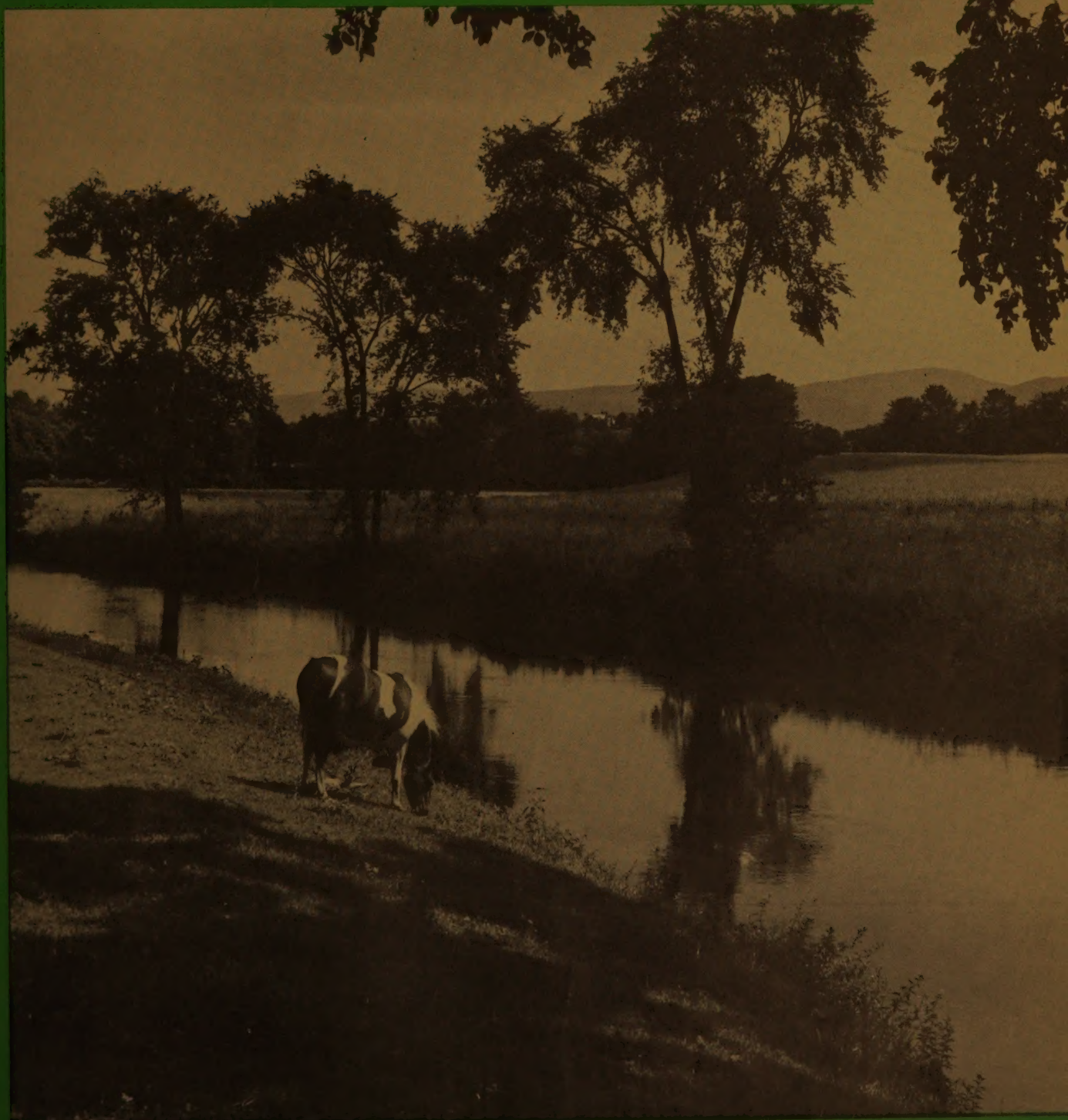


The **H** *Magazine for the Christian Home*
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Hearthstone



- **Can Parents Be Good Counselors?**—*Anna Lou Shanor*
- **So You Are an Expectant Father!**—*William H. Genné*

AUGUST, 1958 — 25c

The **H** Magazine for the Christian Home Hearthstone

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In the Other Fellow's Shoes

If our husband, wife, child, or other relative or friend becomes ill, we sometimes can't understand why they moan and complain about their discomfort; and we are very avaricious with our sympathy. When we ourselves become ill, however, we sing to a different tune. Nobody was ever this bad off before! We want sympathy, attention, and comfort in large doses.

You have probably heard one person say to another, "I know just how you feel." Well, of course we can never really *know* how someone else feels. But we can try to understand and sympathize with his feelings. It's not easy, this putting ourselves in the other fellow's shoes; but it can be done.

What's Here? We have articles this month that should be especially helpful to parents. Starting on page 1 is Anna Lou Shanor's article "Can Parents Be Good Counselors?" Recommended especially for parents of teen-agers.

Fathers-to-be are often left out in the cold during the time that they are awaiting their little bundle of joy. But William H. Genné, a very understanding man indeed, has come to their aid and defense in "So You Are an Expectant Father!" Better take advantage of this sound advice, Pop!

Special summertime articles designed to give you and your family a healthful, profitable, and enjoyable summer are "A Summer to Remember," by Ruth C. McDowell; "What Vacation Has Meant to Us," by Richard R. Haworth; and "Design for Fun," by Helen Giorgi (especially for parents of tiny tots).

Most teen-agers are troubled with skin eruptions from time to time. R. E. Atkinson deals with this problem helpfully and sensibly in his article "Skin Game." Your young people will benefit from reading this.

Dad reprimands Junior for forgetting to put the lawn mower away for the night; and then Dad turns around and misplaces his toolbox. Mom is provoked with Sis for losing her new rhinestone necklace; and then Mom finds out that she has lost her best white gloves. Does this sound somewhat like your own family? Vera Channels discovered that her household was operating in a rather haphazard fashion, and they all decided to remedy the situation. Her useful ideas will be found in "Guided Tour to Responsibility."

What's Coming? "Making the Most of Your Marriage"; "Children Are Natural Poets"; "Make Each Day an Adventure." And many others, of course.

Till next month,

S. W.

CAN *Parents* BE GOOD COUNSELORS?

by Anna Lou Shanor

Dan clenched his fist and without realizing it pounded his high school counselor's desk. "How can I tell Mom I don't want to go to the conservatory?" he asked desperately. "She has had her heart set on my becoming a concert pianist since I was six years old."

Dan's problem, although more unusual than most, shows why, according to psychologists like Leona E. Tyler, parents seldom make good counselors. It is hard for parents to look at their children objectively. Since before the children were born, the parents have had dreams about what they might become, and ideas about how they should behave. Parents not only share their children's joys and sorrows, but also feel that their successes and failures reflect, in some measure, upon themselves.

Parents know that it is their job to help their children learn right from wrong, solve problems, and plan wisely for their own futures. Yet, because of the complexity of modern life, parents are no longer prepared to deal with all the problems—or all the possibilities—which confront their children.

Now that the world can be circled in a matter of hours, a young man can hardly be expected to follow his father's trade, marry the girl next door, and never question his parents' politics or religion. As he meets people from widely different backgrounds, he is almost certain to experience conflicting values and loyalties, to feel insecure at times, or to be overwhelmed by the choices that he must make. For example, there are 22,000 occupations, and 40,000 separate jobs listed in the *Dictionary of Occupational Titles*. A son may possibly choose a job which his father did not even know existed.

It is, therefore, not surprising that today counseling, like many arts which began in the home, is becoming a highly specialized profession. Yet, from the time that they add a new food to baby's diet, until long after their children have made major decisions about marriage or vocations, parents must also be involved in the counseling process, whether they want to be or not.

Because of their closeness to their children, it is the parents who will be chiefly responsible for the attitudes which the children acquire about themselves, their family, and their world. Because of their superior age and experience, parents must constantly guide, direct, and advise. While phrases like "Mother knows best" and "Do as Daddy says" may be losing their popularity, there are still times when they must be used.

In spite of their sincere interest in their children's happiness and welfare, many parents find that their advice tends to alienate rather than to assist their children. Parents discovered long ago that children are sometimes likely to do just the opposite of what they advise. Bess Streeter Aldrich, in her novel, *A White Bird Flying*,¹ has one of her characters say,

He was warned agin' the woman,
She was warned agin' the man;
And if that won't make a weddin'
Why there's nothin' else that can.

Consequently, trained counselors have learned that counseling is much more than merely giving advice. The purpose of counseling is to help the client, who in the parent's situation is the child,

¹D. Appleton and Company, 1931.

"The parents' counseling can be successful only if they put themselves in their children's shoes." Perhaps Pop is thinking of his own school days, as he helps his daughter map out her future college curriculum.

Photo by erb



think through his problems and reach his own conclusions. It isn't enough for a high school senior to sign up for trigonometry because his father thinks that it will do him good. He has to gain some personal understanding about how it will help him before he will be willing to study it wholeheartedly.

In trying to accomplish this goal, professional counselors, inspired by the work of Dr. Carl R. Rogers, have developed skills and acquired insights which can be applied to all types of counseling. Here are some which parents might also find helpful when their children come to them with problems:

1. *Counseling must begin on solid foundations of acceptance, understanding, and communication.* "Of course I understand my child better than anyone else does," a parent may protest. But is this always true? Each child is an individual, different from every other child, and often very different from his parents' earlier dreams of what he might become. A father who is a successful businessman may be completely baffled by a son who wants to become a teacher. A mother who is an active club worker may have little patience with a daughter who prefers to shut herself in her room and write poetry.

Before counseling can be effective, a parent must make the child feel accepted. While it isn't necessary for the parent to approve of a fad hair-cut or a grouchy disposition, a good counselor must, by his warm, responsive manner, sincere interest, and pleasant tone of voice, show that he likes the child as a whole person. He must recognize the child's right to his own personality, feelings, and desires.

This is more difficult for the parent than for the professional counselor, because Mother and Dad can convey this acceptance, or the lack of it, at any time, not merely during the counseling session. Comments like "Your little sister makes better grades than you," or "I don't want to hear another word about it," or "Your cousins would never act like that" drive an almost insurmountable wedge between parent and child.

2. *The counselor must try to see things from the child's point of view.* Thirteen-year-old Margie is heartbroken because her handsome young history teacher has become engaged to be married. Tim, aged 16, is crushed because glamorous Diana broke a date with him to go out with a rival who owns a sporty convertible. Their parents know that Margie's grief will be short-lived, and that Diana is a vain, selfish creature who will undoubtedly make a number of men miserable. If they show amusement, however, the teen-agers will be convinced that Mother and Dad just don't understand.

The parents' counseling can be successful only if they can put themselves in their children's shoes. Then, instead of casually reassuring Margie, "You'll get over him, dear," they can take her seriously. Then they may say, "You feel there will never be anyone so wonderful as Mr. Woodrow. . . ." To Tim, they may say, "It's pretty rough having a girl turn you down because you don't own a flashy car. . . ."

Such remarks show genuine understanding. They permit the young person to express all his fears,

doubts, and resentments, which can then be followed by more positive thoughts. A tree cannot grow new leaves until the old ones are shed.

3. *The counselor must respond to emotions, not to content.* Although this skill is allied to the one which precedes it, it is very difficult to learn. When little Johnny shouts, "I hate you, Mommy," the natural response is one of shocked anger. The mother, deeply hurt, is likely to punish him for his insolence. Then both Johnny and his mother feel bitter toward each other.

How much wiser is the mother who calmly responds, "You feel angry with me for not letting you go swimming today." She thus paves the way for the child to express his resentments, and then gradually to gain insight into the reasons for his mother's action.

This technique can take the sting out of a lot of family arguments. When teen-age Joanne protests, "But *all* the girls are going," she really means, "It's terribly important for me to go." When Bob complains, "You never let me have the car," he is possibly saying, "My prestige is at stake."

At such times it is useless for parents to name two or three girls who aren't going, or to point out that Bob had the car last Friday. Those facts don't change the way the young people feel about the situations. But if the parents say, "This means a lot to you, doesn't it . . .," then they give the young people a chance to clarify their feelings and to search for new alternatives.

Only when parents recognize the emotions behind their children's statements can they work with them to reach a solution which is suitable for all concerned.

4. *Remember that the goal of counseling is to encourage growth in the child.* This growth is more important than the solution to any single problem.

Recently, a wise mother said with a twinkle in her eye, "My daughter relies a lot on my *no*." She understood that young people need and even appreciate some restraints. When the moon is full and a lonely road beckons, it is a lot easier for a young girl to tell her date, "I have to be in by 11:00," than it is for her to decide this herself. When a boy's gang want to race on the highway, it is less painful for him to say, "Dad won't let me drive the family car over sixty," than to admit, "Nothing doing—I'm chicken!"

A counselor should never encourage a client to become dependent on him, however. He should never make decisions for him, but should rather suggest new possibilities and alternatives.

The parent can begin to suggest alternatives even when the child is very young. For example, instead of laying out a complete costume for a five-year-old, a mother might suggest, "Either your yellow dress or blue play suit would be fine for the picnic." Another time she might ask, "What would you like to give Tommy for his birthday?" The discussion

which might follow would help the child understand that while life imposes limitations, it also offers various opportunities.

Counseling should provide practice in making good decisions. As the child grows older, the decisions which he makes should become increasingly vital, so that he may become an independent and self-reliant adult.

5. *The counselor must always make it clear that the child must assume responsibility for his own decisions and actions.* The parent, as counselor, has an obligation to help the child examine the possible consequences of various alternatives. He should help him consider whether his plans are in accordance with his abilities. The final decision, however, as well as the responsibility for the consequences, must rest with the child.

If Bob decides that he has to have a car of his own, he must, if his family budget cannot easily include it, assume the responsibility for earning the money to buy and to operate it—even if it means working on Friday and Saturday evenings when he would rather be out having fun. Only Bob can decide whether the car will be worth what it will cost him.

Although young people must learn to make their own decisions, they will constantly turn to their parents for guidance and encouragement. Those parents who try to improve their counseling skills will be richly rewarded. They will feel a closeness to their children which the old-style authoritarian parent rarely experienced.

Yet there may be times when even the wisest, most understanding parent is unable to help his child make a difficult decision or solve a serious problem. Such a situation is no more a cause for guilt feelings on the part of either parent or child than is a case of measles.

Fortunately, nearly every community now has access to some trained counselor who would be happy to assist. Most large cities have a child guidance clinic or a family service agency. Even small towns may have trained counselors in the schools, or a minister who has had special training in pastoral counseling. If these agencies or individuals are unable to meet a client's need, they will refer him to the counselor best equipped to help him.

Wise parents will seek professional counseling for emotional or behavior problems, or for complex decisions, just as they obtain professional medical care when their child is physically ill. They will also be aware that, because emotional involvement often makes it impossible for parents to be objective, young people may need to obtain counseling from some unrelated person.

Nevertheless, parents will still have to counsel their children about the everyday difficulties which arise, just as they must give first aid for minor cuts and bruises. By developing good counseling skills, understanding parents can help prevent emotional wounds from festering into serious disorders.

So You Are an Expectant Father!



Photo by George from Frederic Lewis

So you are an expectant father! If this is your first experience, you probably have already begun to wonder—and perhaps be annoyed—at some of the things that have been happening to you.

Why does the gang at work think that pregnancy is a big joke and stick those cartoons of frazzled fathers pacing the floor on your desk, bench, or machine?

Why do neighbor women, the married ones, always seem to be slyly suggesting advice; while the unmarried ones giggle and twitter whenever you are around?

Why does your wife seem so brave and wonderful at times and so frightened and moody at others?

Why do you yourself, for that matter, feel so mixed up? Sometimes you think that it will be wonderful to have the baby. At other times you wonder how you will afford it. Sometimes you

feel proud of the fulfillment of your manhood in the creation of a new life. At others, when you remember all those horrible stories of painful births, you feel guilty for inflicting such a torment as pregnancy and childbirth on the woman whom you love most in all the world.

You will not be the first husband who has lain awake at night thinking some long, long thoughts after he learned that he was to become a father. Some men find themselves puzzled, and even a bit panicky, as they face the unknown. Others feel frustrated, because they want to help but do not know where to find out what they need to know.

What can you do?

First, get to know your wife's physician. This may not be easy; but an increasing number of physicians welcome husbands who accompany their wives on one of

their early visits. Such a visit accomplishes at least two major purposes:

1. It lets the husband get acquainted with the doctor and learn firsthand his medical recommendations regarding the management of the pregnancy. Such items as proper foods, exercise, sexual relations, and what to expect as the pregnancy progresses can be explained. When the husband understands, he is a better co-operator and can help reinforce the physician's instructions in the home.

2. It lets the physician know the husband. More and more physicians are realizing that the husband is the most important single influence on the wife's emotions during this period. If the husband is understanding and co-operative, it will be reflected in the wife and make the physician's work much easier. The alert physician will want to know you.

It will be well worth the effort to try to get to know your physician. I must warn you, however, that some physicians do not make it easy for you, and you may get something of a brush-off. What then?

The second thing is to attend a class for expectant parents. A few communities offer classes for men; but most classes are for

by William H. Genné

Changes are taking place with you, too, during the nine months that you are waiting for the Big Event. Here is an excellent article, written especially for "expectant" fathers.

couples. It is surprising how helpful a series of discussions can be with a group of other couples who are going through the same experience with you. Under the direction of a nurse-teacher, a male health educator, or a physician, you can discuss the things that may be puzzling you; and you can learn many interesting facts about your pregnancy and how it all fits into God's plan of creation.

When a husband and wife can share in a class or discussion group, they get rid of many of their fears when they learn how wonderfully God has made women to fulfill the function of motherhood.

Take, for instance, how the developing baby is protected by the careful design, the finely engineered safety features built into the mother. In the pelvis, the womb and the baby in it are protected on all sides from possible injury during the first three months of the pregnancy. More than that, the tiny baby is floating in a bag of watery fluid which protects it from any bumps. Even after he grows larger and extends up into the abdomen, the baby has three layers of protection from possible injury: (1) the abdominal muscle wall; (2) the muscle wall of the uterus; and

(3) the layer of fluid which acts like a cushion.

All this wonderful safety engineering in God's design should prevent husbands and wives from worrying too much about hurting the baby. Unless the attending physician rules against it in the individual case, normal activity, including swimming, is usually permissible. Indeed, it is desirable for the physical and psychological condition of the mother. Violent exercise, diving, and horseback riding are, of course, to be avoided.

The understanding of these protective mechanisms in the mother's body is just an illustration of how intelligent husbands can free themselves from many unfounded fears about pregnancy. Many superstitions can likewise be exposed.

On the positive side, increasing knowledge brings an increasing sense of awe and reverence at God's ingenuity. After the father's sperm has joined the ovum, or "egg," in the mother's body, that fertilized nucleus (about 1/1000 of an inch in diameter) becomes the first cell in the new baby's body.

How can that microscopic bit of life, in a short nine months, grow into a seven- or eight-pound baby, twenty inches long? When

we stop to think of all the details of the development of the eyes, ears, brain, internal organs, bones, and muscles, our minds cannot comprehend what we behold.

Truly, we are in God's hands. A husband should realize that his wife is far safer giving birth to their baby than she is riding with him in their automobile. Medical science is learning more and more every year how to co-operate with God's plan for bringing babies into the world.

There is much more that can be brought out in a series of discussions for expectant parents. That is why an increasing number of churches are arranging for classes for expectants or are co-operating with the local health agencies in promoting attendance at such classes.

Pastors are realizing that pregnancy is a time of great spiritual, as well as physical preparation. Young couples, who may have been preoccupied with all the details of setting up housekeeping, usually become more spiritually sensitive and receptive as they anticipate the arrival of their baby. Their dreams and hopes for the future take on new dimensions. They feel part of something bigger than themselves, and recognize that they are the bridge between the generations.

The wise pastor will be alert to minister to couples at this time. Where there are community classes, he will promote attendance as a background for his own pastoral counseling with the couple.

Where community classes are not available, the church, often in co-operation with other nearby churches, can set up classes. Former nurses who are now homemakers for their own families usually make good leaders for such groups.

For couples' classes it is a good idea to have a team of leaders: one man and one woman, so that the feelings of both husbands and wives can be expressed comfortably.

(Continued on page 28)



At last his surging emotions quieted, and he began mentally tracing a plan for the future. He reached for his Bible and turned to the Ninety-first Psalm.

THE NEWCOMER

by F. N. Ellis

"I tell you I don't like it, Bill. There's something about that boy that I don't care for." Martha Winslow and her husband sat on the porch swing oscillating gently backward and forward as she talked. Bill looked up from the paper that he had been straining his eyes to read in the gathering dusk, and replied with an edge of impatience in his voice.

"Martha, don't be ridiculous! Roger Peterson seems to be a first-rate chap. I know he's new in town, but that's no sin. In the six months that he has been in Mapleville, he has found a job, made friends, joined the church—what more do you expect in such a short time?"

"And do you know, Bill Winslow, that in the six months that he has been here he hasn't received one single piece of mail—not even an advertisement? Mona Bright is his landlady, and she told me the other day that she feels the way I do about him. He keeps his room neat and clean and is always on time for meals, she says, but something about him just isn't right."

"Now, Martha, stop it! You know that he's an orphan, and his aunt died last winter before he came here. You remember he told us that she was his last living relative and had raised him from the time he was a baby."

"Well, it would be no concern of mine except for the fact that I have a duty as a mother to think of the welfare of my daughter."

Bill chuckled, "Oh, so that's the kettle of fish that you're stewing, eh? Well, don't give it another thought. If I ever saw a level head on a 19-year-old pair of shoulders, it belongs to Sarah. Sometimes I think that she's a lot smarter than both of us. Now let's not say any more about Roger. I think that he's O.K."

"Time will tell," Martha retorted rather tartly. "I'm going to make some lemonade. Roger and Sarah will be back from choir practice soon, and we could use some too—it's so hot."

Roger Peterson had done well in the few months since the Jan-

uary day when he had stepped off the afternoon bus from Farnham City. He had secured a modest room at one of the two second-rate hotels, and then had proceeded very scientifically in the process of getting a job. He had carried with him two letters of introduction—one to a local minister and the other to the chief of police. These he had unostentatiously delivered the first morning after his arrival. Following this he had contacted each of the several factories in town, as well as the lone employment agency, and by the end of the week had a job at the pulp mill as a common laborer. After two months he had stepped into a vacancy as junior timekeeper at a substantial increase in pay.

"I can't tell you how pleased we are with the way you work," Jess Howard, the production boss, had told him at the time. "This kind of work just doesn't appeal to real ambitious young folks anymore, I guess. You are an exception, and we want you to stay with our company a long, long time."

He achieved another distinction of a kind, too, when Mrs. Mona Bright, or Widow Bright, as most folks called her, accepted him for a boarder. She had been very explicit about the rules of her establishment—no drinking, no smoking, no late hours, quiet after ten o'clock. To all of these he had cheerfully agreed, telling her that none of them would require any change at all in his regular habits. Mapleville was impressed by this young man and by the way that he had made a place for himself in their town.

Still, there had been other young men before this who had come from the big city full of promise; but invariably, the dull routine of the village and the longing for the bright lights of the city had caused them to pull up stakes and go home.

Choir practice was over, and Sarah and Roger walked slowly down the street, their way lighted by a near-full moon, yellow as a Dutch cheese. They had been talking seriously. Roger seemed almost to plead with her.

"But Sarah—it isn't fair to anyone for me not to tell. After all, it is my past, and people should know about it. Then they can make up their minds about me any way they like."

"No, Roger, you're wrong! Maybe in a city your way would be right, but believe me it wouldn't work here in Mapleville. Why you would lose all the fine things you have worked for! Do it my way, please!"

He sighed. "All right. For a little longer. But you know I must tell people someday. I can't put it off forever."

"After a little longer it will be all right to speak out. Every day people think of you more and more as one of us. As soon as you are no longer a newcomer, it won't matter too much."

"A little longer then—but not longer than six more months. I do feel that I should talk to your father now, though."

"No—not even that. Dad would take it all right, but then he couldn't keep it from Mother. I'm not so sure of her reaction." She squeezed his hand reassuringly. "Just you wait, and you will see how right I am."

The bombshell didn't come for another week. But when it did come, it blew all their plans right out from under them. It came in the form of an insignificant item in one of the Farnham City morning papers. The papers arrived in Mapleville on the early afternoon bus; but it wasn't until evening that Widow Bright, who always read everything including the want ads, found the article. She could scarcely believe the message her eyes told her.

EX-CONVICT RECEIVES LEGACY

"It was revealed today that a young ex-convict inherited the sum of fifteen hundred dollars and possession of a small frame house. Roger Peterson was named as the sole heir of Mrs. Georgina Revere, in compliance with the terms of a will which stated that he be gainfully employed and live up to the terms of his parole six months following his discharge from prison. Parole authorities here state that

Peterson has met these requirements, inasmuch as he is now living and working in Mapleville. He was convicted of a felony over three years ago and served two years and eight months of a five-year term before being released for good behavior."

The widow's hand trembled as she laid aside the paper. A felon! And under her own roof all these months! Well, he would not spend another night here! She seated herself near the door to the hallway, leaving it slightly ajar so that she could hear Roger when he returned. She didn't have long to wait.

"Mr. Peterson, would you step in here a minute?" Roger was a bit startled to find his landlady waiting up for him; so much so that he didn't notice that she had called him by his last name.

"Why certainly, Mrs. Bright. What can I do for you?"

Wordlessly, she handed him the paper, turned to the article. As he read, he could feel the crimson creep from his neck and up over his face. He handed the paper back.

"You want to know if the Roger Peterson mentioned here is me? Yes, of course it is."

"What I can't understand is why you deceived me. How could you live here all of these months and never tell me the truth? You let us think all the time that you were a decent man, when really you are a . . . a . . ."

"An ex-con? Yes, Mrs. Bright, I spent nearly three years in prison. I suppose it would do no good now to tell you that I had intended to tell everybody in town one of these days. Don't you see why I couldn't do it at first? Nobody wants an ex-con around. Nobody will give him a job. Nobody will even give him the time of day."

"But to deceive me like this . . .?"

Roger interrupted. "You didn't ask for a complete past history, and I did not give one. You told me your rules, and I agreed to abide by them—which I have."

"I don't desire to discuss it any further. Please pack your things and leave at once!"

"You mean right now? Tonight?"

"Yes, I mean now. Immediately!"

With a heavy heart Roger put his few belongings into his bags. Such a good start on the road to a new life, and now it would all be wasted!

He threw his overcoat over his arm, put his only hat on his head, and proceeded down the stairs to the front door. He found the door to the parlor still ajar and called out softly, "Mrs. Bright!" intending to say good-by. Although he was sure that she was still there, waiting in the shadows, he received no answer. With a sigh he picked up the bags again and continued down the porch steps and along the sidewalk. As he paused by the gate, he heard the front door shut firmly, and heard the sound of a key turning in the lock. There was a sense of finality to it, as though a bridge to his past just had crashed on his heels. Sadly, he made his way to the hotel which had been his first home in Mapleville, to secure accommodations for the night.

A half hour later, settled in a room at the hotel, he telephoned Sarah. Mrs. Winslow answered.

"May I speak to Sarah, Mrs. Winslow? This is Roger."

"Oh—Mr. Peterson." He knew at once by the chill in her voice that Widow Bright had been busy on the telephone. "I'm sorry, but my daughter is not in a position to come to the phone at the moment. I regret to say that it will be impossible for us to receive you in our home in the future."

Roger hung up, black despair en-

gulfing him. Was he to lose everything, then? His good start in the direction of a useful life? His future? Even the girl he loved? He flung himself on the wrought iron hotel bed. At last his surging emotions quieted, and he began mentally tracing a plan for the future. He reached for his Bible and turned to the Ninety-first Psalm. "You will not fear the terror of the night, nor the arrow that flies by day, nor the pestilence that stalks in darkness, nor the destruction that wastes at noonday."

He slept peacefully, then, and wasn't aware that it was morning until the telephone on the wall jangled like an alarm clock.

"Hello! Hello! Is this you, Roger?" It was the voice of Mr. Brown, minister of the Church of Mapleville. "Why didn't you come here last night, boy, and stay with us? You know you are always welcome in our house. Well—time is short, and I won't waste it with gossip. Mrs. Brown and I are ready to sit down to breakfast; and she says that if you aren't over here to join us at once, you will have her to answer to."

"Well, I . . . I . . ." Roger stuttered into the telephone.

"I'll drive down to the hotel, and meet you out in front in five minutes." Before Roger could protest, Mr. Brown had hung up. Roger shaved so hurriedly that he nicked himself twice; then hastily he donned his best suit. Grabbing his hat in one hand and his coat in the other, he ran down the steps, through the lobby, and out onto the old wooden porch of the hotel to find the minister sitting in his car waiting.

"Climb in, Roger. Breakfast's getting cold."

They drove the short distance to the parsonage in silence. Roger was too full of emotion to say anything, and the minister seemed preoccupied. Mrs. Brown welcomed

him warmly.

"Now, Roger," she said, "we want you to move right in here with us. We have this whole big house, and there is so much space that we just rattle around in it. How do you like your eggs? Sunnyside up or over easy? Matthew always tells me he likes one up and the other over." She chattered on like a magpie, covering Roger's embarrassment with a cloak of words.

Roger did ample justice to Mrs. Brown's excellent breakfast of waffles and ham and eggs, hardly pausing for breath, until he could hold no more.

"How about one more teensy little waffle?"

"They're so good that I wish I could, but one more mite and I would burst." He smiled and then grew serious. "Now, Pastor, I appreciate all you are trying to do for me, but you know as well as I do that my time in Mapleville is about over. I have heard enough to know that these folks won't accept an ex-con, no matter how well he behaves. I'll leave quietly on the morning bus and try again somewhere else. Only next time I'll tell everybody right away, even if it means that I won't have any friends."

"Now, son, let's think about this," the minister said gently. "I know things must have looked a little bad—especially when Mrs. Winslow told you that you weren't welcome anymore in their home." Roger's eyebrows lifted in surprise that the minister knew of this, but the latter merely smiled. "News travels fast in Mapleville—I was called over to the Winslow home late last evening to offer a bit of ministerial counseling. It seems that when a certain young lady in the home found out what her mother had done, the roof very nearly came off the house. I think that you should know, too, that the young lady's father is defi-

nately on your side of the fence. In fact, I had to use considerable persuasion to keep him from looking for you last night. Now I want you to come to the church service this morning as usual. I have a plan."

"But I—I can't!" Roger stammered.

Matthew Brown's eyes twinkled mischievously as he said, "Won't you do it for me—and for Sarah?"

Roger grinned sheepishly. "When you put it that way, it's kind of hard to refuse. I'll go to church."

"Good. I was sure that you would. Now, Margaret, my dear, it's almost time for church school. Let's be off."

Roger tried to spend the hour and a half that he would have to wait, reading and listening to the radio. He ended up, however, by pacing nervously all over the parlor, looking at his watch every few minutes. He had his coat and hat on long before the inexorable hands of his watch told him that it was time for church. When the time did come, he left the house with considerable misgivings. He didn't think that this was really a very good idea. But he couldn't break a promise to Mr. Brown, who had been so kind to him.

He felt as though his bones had turned to jelly when he entered the church. Most of the people were already seated in their pews, and they gasped audibly when they saw him. Roger was aware of the disapproving glances, of the scathing remarks whispered behind hymnals. He was glad when the service began, and the attention of the congregation was diverted temporarily.

The service proceeded as usual during the processional, the offering and communion, and the devotional reading. Maybe Mr. Brown didn't really have any special plan the way he said. Maybe—Roger's thoughts were inter-

rupted by the beginning of the sermon.

"My dear friends!" Matthew Brown spoke solemnly from behind the heavy pulpit, his hands folded almost as though in prayer on the great Bible in front of him. "I have some strange and unusual remarks to make. But first I wish to read a scripture lesson from the fifteenth chapter of Luke." Slowly and with great meaning he read the simple story of the prodigal son, ending his reading with the words, "But the father said to his servants, 'Bring quickly the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet; and bring the fatted calf and kill it, and let us eat and make merry; for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found.' And they began to make merry."

The minister paused briefly and continued:

"Now I have a modern parable that I want to tell you; and I want you to compare my parable, which is a true one, to the one that I read to you from the Gospel of Luke. A young man, reared in a good home by a good woman, fell in with evil companions. Although he knew that he was doing wrong, he took part in the robbery of a grocery. Although he was a first-time offender, he was over the statutory age limit of 18 years and was sentenced to the state penitentiary. One day a few weeks after his commitment to this institution, he was visited by the prison chaplain. At this first visit and at several subsequent ones he would show no interest in spiritual things. Finally, however, the chaplain succeeded in getting him to attend church services, and it wasn't long after that that he decided that he wanted to join the church and lead a good, useful, Christian life when he was released from prison.

(Continued on page 28)

As the well-known song puts it, in the summertime the living is easy. It is a time of relaxation, when the whole tempo of a family's life slows down. Mother's P-TA, club, and committee meetings diminish or cease entirely. Housework is usually lighter. Children are home from school; and while Father's work goes on, he is home during daylight hours and can do more with his family than he can during the cold, dark winter days. Too often, though, what might be a pleasant time of relaxing and being together turns into bored children, harassed mother, and bothered father, all heaving a sigh of relief when school and other fall activities begin. A little thought on the part of parents can go far in making the golden hours of summer more fun and profitable for everyone.

Most important in making a summer for all to remember is the adult attitude. Parents need to relax, adopt an unhurried pace, allow time to be with the children, and expect to enjoy it. This and a few new approaches add up to a recipe for a memorable vacation.

a week or two. Some church-sponsored camps are for the whole family to attend together. Often both mother and children go together to vacation church school: the mother to teach and the children to their classes.

Summer is also the traditional time for family picnics, boat rides, hikes, and swimming trips; and many families automatically arrange these things. They should not become a chore for anyone, especially for Mother! One family, in the habit of taking off on unexpected picnics, left folding chairs, camp stove, and other equipment in the car trunk. In their kitchen was a set of 3 x 5 cards listing instructions for work to be done by each family member. The food consisted almost entirely of canned and frozen items, kept on hand, and one card listed items to be replaced on the next shopping trip after the picnic.

Another good means of family fun in the summer, particularly for children, is entertaining outdoors. Part of the fun is that they can help extensively in the preparation for these occasions. Even the littlest

A Summer to Remember

Many "fun" and educational things are much more easily done in summer than in winter. In one family it is traditional for the grandparents to take the children to visit historical exhibits, an aquarium, a natural history museum. Parents can do this equally well, of course. In one neighborhood, three mothers took turns taking three schoolgirls on various interesting trips one day of the week: to a pottery factory, a nearby botanical garden, and a children's afternoon performance at an outdoor summer theater.

Summertime is a good time for parents to help stimulate interest in regular school work. What better way for a child to see that reading is fun than to have his mother read to him one of her favorite childhood books! One mother had her children read aloud to her while she ironed. Most public librarians are glad to help families choose books that all will enjoy reading together.

Most local churches have special summertime activities, such as vacation church schools, picnics, or a church-sponsored camp that the child can attend for

ones can carry out folding chairs, cushions, and paper or plastic cups.

In spite of all this, somewhere along the way summer doldrums often set in with children. If parents can take time to sit down with children early in the summer, before they get bored, and make a list of things that they would like to do, it can be referred to when the all-too-familiar cry of "What can I do?" begins. Children may even have such ambitious goals as learning to swim or cook; and parents can aid in reaching these throughout the summer.

If adults can retain some imagination and sense of adventure, and remember that often the simplest things make a real difference in enjoyment, they will see all sorts of possibilities for summer activities. Changing the time or place of doing things can change the attitude of an entire day. A late nap and a nighttime walk are fun for those used to going early to bed. A breakfast outdoors can make all day a holiday. Fingerpainting may be done on the bottom or sides of the bathtub: chalk and colored paper sub-

stituted for crayons and white paper; cubes of sponge for paint brushes. Cooking is fun for children of all ages, from preparing instant puddings and frozen lemonade for four-year-olds to deviling eggs, making cream cheese spreads for celery sticks, and baking from packaged mixes for older children.

While these planned activities are of great value, perhaps at times there is too much planning for children. They do not need, indeed, must not be always "going places" and "doing things." As Dr. Lenora Baumgartener has pointed out, in a world that can expect only constant change and increasing tensions, children need "unhurried moments." Bored children are not happy children; neither are those whose every moment must be filled. Children need time alone just to do nothing: to assimilate and absorb; to watch an ant colony; to study blades of grass; to lie on their backs and watch clouds go by; to dig, run, play in mud, sand, water; to invent and to imagine. It is in these times outdoors that children often realize for the first time the wonders of God's world and the joy of being in it.

by Ruth C. McDowell

For the family going on a vacation trip, the entire secret lies in planning ahead and including the children in this planning. As much as possible, give each child a real choice in something affecting him or family members. Try to include in the itinerary a point of special interest to each child. Try to save the long trips until the little children get older.

After a destination has been decided upon, the family can work out together the best route. The local library, the state guide series, or AAA tour books can furnish information about points of interest. From the Superintendent of Documents¹ may be obtained a folder listing all literature published by the National Park Service. State governments publish booklets about local interest points, and the chambers of commerce in many cities put out tourist information. Your minister can tell you of church benevolent homes and home mission stations, en route. Visiting one of these can be a high point of the trip.

In preparation for a trip, children can have great

Parents and children need to have good times together and enjoy each other at a leisurely pace. Summer is ideal for family activities, because there is no rigid schedule of school, clubs, Scouts, and other obligations.



Photo by erd

fun learning to read maps. For the four- or five-year-old, or for older children with no experience, start by drawing a map of his room, putting an "X" on some item such as his bed, and letting him find the object in the room. The older child then can make a map of another room. Beyond age seven or eight a child can make his own route map for the trip and mark points of interest on it.

All children, from two years on up, should pack their own suitcases as you pack. Let each one pack what he wants, while you add crayons, notebook, scissors, glue, something to serve as a "table," and a few toys not played with for a while. A ball, cowboy hat, and stick horse may be used only on breaks in traveling, to run off energy. Remember, too, that for a three-year-old, or even an older child, going

¹Government Printing Office, Washington 25.

away can be frightening. Familiar objects help overcome these feelings. Even a six-, or seven-year-old may want to take along one familiar, cuddly animal.

Automobile trips, the most common kind for families, require minutely detailed planning with young children. It may be best to plan ahead of time where to stop to eat, and to write ahead for reservations for overnight stops. An older child (ten or eleven) could choose from a reliable list, such as AAA puts out, the motels and restaurants at which to stop, and perhaps even write to make reservations. Some families prefer to stop every one to two hours to let children run around; others with older children make only necessary stops as they go along and stop for



BEULAH FRANCE, R.N.

Hearthstone's Visiting Nurse

Jesus said, "I am come that they might have life." God working through doctors, nurses, and scientists provides favorable conditions for healthy, happy living.

But there are those who refuse to recognize any aid that God gives through human beings. They will not permit promotion or protection of health for themselves or their children. They deny the abundant mercy that God offers, declaring that to accept it would show lack of faith. Such parents will not let their infants be safeguarded against germs. Vaccination has practically eradicated *smallpox*, which once killed hundreds and thousands. Seventy short years ago dreaded *diphtheria* caused many deaths. Now nine-month-old babies are medically made immune. Schick tests later prove protection's presence.

Whooping cough can be serious during life's first two years. Preventive measures should be taken early. *Tetanus* (lockjaw) so often develops that tetanus immunization is advisable at two years of age. Let God work through your doctor!

the night at 4:00 or 4:30, allowing children to play longer then. When traveling on Sunday at church time, it is a good plan to stop at whatever church is near and visit it. With planning, one may visit a specific church in a certain town. It is good to take time to worship; and it is a valuable experience for children to see other churches and church schools.

The main question on a car trip with children always seems to be "What can we do?" There may be a surprise for each day, a toy to be opened when a child sees a train, barn, or other object. Other ideas are counting animals; telling stories; family singing; taking turns making animal sounds which the others must guess; giving word opposites—i.e., one says *up*, another *down*, and so on. For the child learning to spell, words may be spelled using letters from billboards. Playing categories, where each person gives all the things that he can think of in a certain group, is fun for the whole family. Twenty questions is a good family game, as is the alphabet game, where each person in turn names an object seen, beginning with each letter of the alphabet in succession.

When a trip is to be made by plane or train, it is important to get to the station or airport very early, allowing the child time to look around, to meet the pilot and stewardess, or to walk through the train and see redcaps and trainmen. Visits to dining and lounge car help break the monotony, as does a stop-over to see a strange city. The plane is a wonderful place to explain the relationship of size and distance, and relate the idea of maps to topography. Here the child can alternate between stories, play, and looking out the window. A book about a train or plane trip, as the case may be, is a particularly good accompaniment.

A camping trip, besides being one of the most inexpensive family vacations, is one of the most fun for children and may give a city child one of his few chances to be close to nature. A "trial run" of renting a tent or cabin in a state park for a week, to see if the cooking and extra work are worth it, is a good prelude to building up the necessary camping equipment. It is desirable to prepare a young child for camping by playing camping at home, with a "pretend" tent in the living room, where lights gradually are turned out as the child operates his own flashlight. Older children can read books about nature and camping. Sharing of work responsibilities will make the trip mutually more enjoyable. For children up to ten or eleven, it is important to keep the routine simple, so that they have time for some free play each day, and have a daily nap or rest period. In all trips and vacation plans, the parents' attitude is the determining factor for enjoyment. If they look upon things in a spirit of adventure, take time to talk about things seen, are careful to relate new things to familiar ones in the child's life (such as where bread comes from as a grain field is passed), the child will learn an amazing amount. Parents and children both will have a sense of satisfaction and well-being.

Guided Tour to Responsibility

by Vera Channels

I picked up the phone. I laid it down again. No, I won't call her, I thought to myself. That 13-year-old Nancy is old enough to remember. She agreed to work at the church supper, and she should be responsible enough to get there on time.

"You'd better call Nancy," said older sister.

"No, I'm not going to call her."

"But what if she's late?"

"If she's late and embarrassed, maybe she'll remember next time. She forgets so easily. I wonder why?"

Then older sister, with the keen insight of adolescents, said, "After all, Mother, you remember last Sunday you and Daddy suddenly decided to go on a family picnic. Nancy was supposed to lead the games at CYF, but you made her go on the picnic anyhow. And you remember just yesterday Mrs. Withers called and said that you were supposed to say the invocation at the CWF luncheon, and you didn't even show up. How about it?"

"Well, I guess. . . . Well, I never thought of it that way. I suppose you children do notice those things."

It took a while to recover from the shock; but when I did, I realized that I had been setting an example of irresponsibility for my children. They were quick to follow my way. That night I talked things over with my husband, and we decided to try a more construc-

tive and creative parenthood. We began to understand that you can't expect parenthood to be effortless and unconscious.

It used to be so easy when I was a child to learn responsibility. We lived in a remote part of North Dakota where bread came from the oven instead of the bakery; where carrots came from the garden instead of the supermarket; and where clothing and shelter were largely dependent on the work of our hands. Children in my early days were an economic asset to the family. Another pair of hands counted when wool was to be carded to make a warm comforter or another hoe could chop the weeds in the garden.

Today's children, living in comfortable homes and city apartments, driving to the nearest shopping area with its department stores and supermarkets and a service for every need, find it harder to assume responsibility. There is really so little left to do.

Even so, however, parents today must make a chance for their children to learn responsibility. We talked these things over together; and the whole family worked out a code of ethics for responsible people. With everyone's help, this was easy, enlightening, and enjoyable.

Code of Ethics for Responsible People

1. I will be on time for all appointments.

2. I will do my necessary work before I play.

3. I will take good care of my personal property.

4. I will not depend on others for things that I can do myself.

5. I will do my share of work, because I know that I am needed in this family.

6. I will take part in family decisions, because I know that I can think of helpful suggestions.

The family sensed the excitement of the new venture, and many changes took place in our household. Of course, these things didn't all change overnight; but we began to work *toward* our "Code of Ethics for Responsible People."

Take the first one, "I will be on time for all appointments." As a mother, I found that this meant that I must have meals on time; I must plan my work so that I could be places at the right time; and I had to begin to watch the clock and work with it. Father made a greater effort to arrange his work so that he could be more regular on his time schedule. Even the children began appearing at the appointed time with greater regularity. We all became more responsible about time.

Then there is the one about doing necessary work before we play. This was a hard one for me. I can get so engrossed in a good book that the next meal's dishes are clamoring for a place beside

the last meal's dishes, and the children come home from school wanting another meal before I am aware that they even went to school. I could see that this was why the children were watching TV before they did their homework; why they would talk on the phone and let their chores go undone; and why the little ones would leave their toys and games in a heap on the floor. By example (ouch!) and patience (groan) and persistence (just once more now) we finally managed to change all this to a better organized family. I began to change my ways. Father, being a father, had to do his work before he could

relax. We all became more responsible about work.

"I will take good care of my personal property."

Like many another mother, I laid down the ultimatum that "all coats thrown on chairs will be confiscated immediately, and a charge of 5 cents will be made for their return." Like many another mother, I found that it backfired. When I couldn't find my shrug sweater, it cost me 5 cents. When my headscarf was lost, that cost me 5 cents; and when my favorite comfortable work shoes disappeared—I gave up!

This was how I learned that responsibility for taking care of per-

sonal property must be taught by example. I've learned, too, that if Sally loses her new Christmas watch, the quick and simple solution may be to buy a new one to replace it. The watch would be a poor gift, however, compared to the slow and complicated process of helping her develop a guide to her own responsible conduct.

One mother of a 15-year-old justified the fact that she picked up her daughter's clothes, made the bed, and cleaned the room each day by saying she had read that, if parents made a practice of neatness and care, the young would eventually adopt the plan. Ten years and 3,650 pickings-up and

Young people are willing to assume responsibilities, if their parents and the adults with whom they associate set a good example. If Mom completely forgets that she is supposed to bake a cake for the church social, then she can hardly chastise Daughter for forgetting to take cookies to the CYF meeting.

Photo by erb



bed-makings later, she is still going through the routine for her immature, dependent, 25-year-old "little girl." Example, yes; but practice, too, is needed in learning to take good care of personal property.

The rule which says, "I will not depend on others for things that I can do myself" seems to hit parents pretty hard, because parents can do practically everything. So this one took a little study and evaluation, too. I found that I had been asking the children to run countless errands without considering that I was interrupting their privacy to read, or dream, or rest. Then I was wondering why they hadn't learned to concentrate and take responsibility for doing their homework at a regular time. This business of depending on others requires a mutual respect for individuals, their needs, and their rights.

Children are very likely to depend on parents to feed the dog, change the water for the turtle, bathe the bird, and take care of other livestock that may have gravitated to their happy home. They often expect their parents to pick up their clothes, put away their toys, find lost shoes and English themes and sheet music and pliers and notebooks and even a lost temper sometimes.

But parents often expect the children to stop what they are doing to get an onion from the pantry; then let the cat out; then come back and put the lid on the peanut butter; and then go over and ask the next-door neighbor for a cup of sugar—all when they have just begun to do their big assignment of homework or are in the middle of an exciting story.

A little planning and organization on the parents' part would keep them from depending on the children to stop their important work to do something that the parents really could do for themselves. This allows the children to learn to carry through on what they have begun. At least it worked this way in our family. When the children sensed this new respect, they showed a new willingness to do more things for themselves.

They became less dependent and more responsible.

"I will do my share of the work, because I know that I am needed in this family." The key phrase here is, "because I know that I am needed." Children enjoy doing things to help and do them voluntarily, when they feel that they are contributing to the welfare of the family. Let a mother get sick, as I did, and a young person without much previous experience will say, "Mother, I'll be glad to iron all of Daddy's shirts. I know how to cook supper, too, and I'll bring you some soup on a tray."

If we parents could keep alive the feeling of honest need and sincere appreciation which comes forth at a critical time, we would have more pleasure and less complaining about work to be done in the family. Attitudes about work can be very contagious, too. I have had to be very careful not to let it be known that I dislike scrubbing the ring around the bathtub; or soon I will have reared a whole family of people who dislike scrubbing the ring around the bathtub. How many mothers, who hate to wash dishes themselves, have insisted that dishwashing is excellent training for the young! How many fathers, hating lawnwork, have reared sons hating lawnwork!

Responsibility in doing one's work is taught best by parents who actually enjoy their work, see a value in it, and get satisfaction out of their accomplishments. There is routine and drudgery in any job. We can teach our young to accept this in a matter-of-fact way as they get these things done, so that they are free to do the part of their work that they like best. To do a job because you are needed for it, whether it be in the home, the church, or the community, is one of life's rewarding experiences.

The last rule states, "I will take part in family decisions, because I know that I can think of helpful suggestions." We have always felt that it is safe for parents to advocate democratic principles in a family as long as they

are not outnumbered. When the ratio is only two parents to four children, however, democracy is a dangerous thing! In spite of the odds, letting children have a voice in family affairs is essential, if we want them to grow into responsible persons. If a child knows that he can think for himself and speak what he thinks and that his ideas are respected, he develops into the kind of person who feels responsible for making a contribution to the life around him.

One family, in need of a new car, discussed the problem at the dinner table and wondered where they would get enough money to pay for it. Four-year-old Jane had an idea. "I'll get a little box, and I'll cut a hole in the top, and I'll sit in the middle of the sidewalk with it, and I won't let anybody go by until he pays." Even though her idea had to be vetoed, it was nevertheless a contribution. She became a more responsible person because she thought it up.

It is easy to answer children's questions and settle family affairs by authoritative pronouncements. It takes a creative mind and a loving attitude to arrive at decisions through family discussions.

If our children are careless about money, wander off without telling us where they are going, lose their valuables, and never do their homework, we may feel like sending them to some school or camp where they will learn "responsibility." This is only wishful dreaming; a false assumption; a shirking of our own responsibility as parents. It may appear to be an act of love to take over for our children when they fail in their obligations, but this is not so. The real act of love toward our children is to help them develop an inner guide to their conduct. This we cannot "give" to them ourselves or expect others to give to them. This grows within the child who is loved sincerely, has found an indispensable place in his family, and makes a contribution to the world by his ideas and the work of his hands. This is responsible, adventurous living!

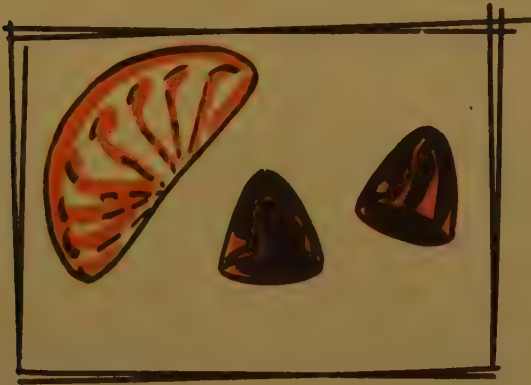
As long as I could remember, I had known that money was not one of our blessings. Three times each day Daddy bowed his balding head and prayed, "Thank you, God, for our manifold blessings. Guard, guide, and protect us. Amen." We children and mother never said the blessing. But I had often said it over in my mind, and for some time I had wondered what "manifold blessings" were. Daddy explained one evening at the supper table. "Those are the house we live in, the stock on the farm, the clothes that Uncle Charlie and Aunt Grace send, the food that we grow, and the health that we enjoy."

"But not money?" I queried.

"Now why did you ask?" Daddy wanted to know.

I didn't explain, but I think that Daddy remembered something that had happened during the morning.

He and I had gone the three miles to the cross-roads store and post office. Mother wanted some letters mailed, and Daddy had to buy a plowshare and some seed.



I had stood in front of the candy counter during the whole time that we were in the store. The store had three large glass cases of candy. One was full of orange slices; one, of chocolate drops, and one held the yellow and white corn candy for which I had an undying passion. I wanted to ask for a nickel to buy some; but something in Daddy's face stopped me.

He rumbled my short, blond hair and said, "Let's be on our way, Jean. Mr. Harrison and I have taken care of our business." To Mr. Harrison he said, "Jim, I'll take care of that bill when I sell my hay in September."

"No hurry, Andrew. Glad to help you." Mr. Harrison walked with us to the door. We didn't mention the candy on the way home. Daddy didn't say much of anything; but as we drove into the barnyard, he reached out a rough brown hand and once more rumbled my hair.

"Someday, Jeanie, I'll buy you a pint of corn candy. But right now we have to watch what we buy. We don't have any money to spare for candy."

As he climbed down from the wagon seat, he said, "We do have food and clothes and a nice place to

The Price

by Geneve Selsor

live." He looked at the barns and the weathered gray house where he had been born. His father and mother had built the buildings when they had taken the land as a homestead. He had lived a frugal lifetime there; but lack of money was no threat to him. He trusted the land and the Lord, and felt that things would work out for the best.

Still, Daddy must have known that that philosophy was not for a child. "A nickel won't buy a plowshare, honey, but it will buy sugar for your oatmeal for a week," was his practical explanation.

I had wanted to say that corn candy tasted better than oatmeal, and I'd prefer to eat corn candy instead. But Daddy looked so stern, that I thought better of it.

"Now run on and see if you can help your mother." He was already unharnessing the horses. I knew that he had nothing more to say.

I turned slowly toward the house. I had intended feeling very sad and neglected; but my older brother Don was swinging on the rope swing slung from the giant post oak which shaded mother's kitchen window.

"Come on, Jeanie," he called. "You push me. Then I'll push you."

In the excitement of seeing whose toes could touch the leaves high over our heads, I completely forgot my intended desolation as we swung there under the tree.

Only at the supper table had I been reminded. With a merry twinkle in his brown eyes, Daddy passed the bowl of sweet yellow corn to me.

"Have some corn, Jeanie," he said, and suddenly I felt that he and I were partners sharing a secret, and it was all right to be eating fresh corn instead of candy corn.

That was a busy summer; and though I was only six, I can remember it vividly. I learned to swim in the clear warm creek that wandered aimlessly through the lower pastures. I fell out of the hay-mow and cracked a rib; and the family went on the first Sunday school picnic that I had ever been on. That summer I had regular chores to do, like gathering the eggs, filling the wood box, and watching the hawks that circled overhead, waiting to snatch a baby chick.

f a Nickel

It was a good year for the farmers. This I knew, because I carried fresh cold water to the hay balers and threshers who came to help harvest the wheat and hay. While I waited for the dipper and pail, I listened to their farm talk of crops and stock and fruit. I knew that Daddy would have hay to sell, which would mean money and maybe a nickel for me.

Sure enough, in September Daddy sold several loads of hay, a heifer, and three pigs. He paid Mr. Harrison for the plowshare; and then he took the whole family to the nearest town, White Plains, to get school shoes, dress material, and supplies for Mother.

It gave me quite a thrill to try on shoes and choose which ones I wanted. It made me feel even more affluent when I chose my own dress material. In fact, I was carried away with all that money. I thought for sure that Daddy had a nickel to spare.

On the busy sidewalk in front of Aid's Mercantile Store I asked Daddy for a nickel. He looked at me a long moment, reached his hand into his worn pants pocket, and brought out two pennies and a shiny buffalo nickel.

"I'll take one for Don, too," I said, knowing that my brother was already looking lovingly at marbles, books, and knives inside.

"I'm sorry, honey. That's all I have left."

"All! Why we had lots and lots of money this morning. What in the world happened to it?"

"We had to pay for what we bought and what I already owed. Suppose you take the nickel. Don can wait until he sells his pet lamb next month. Then he'll have several dollars of his own."

"Isn't there any left for you and Mother?" I was feeling worse and worse.

"We don't need any. Besides you've waited three months for this nickel. Here it is, honey. Now run spend it."

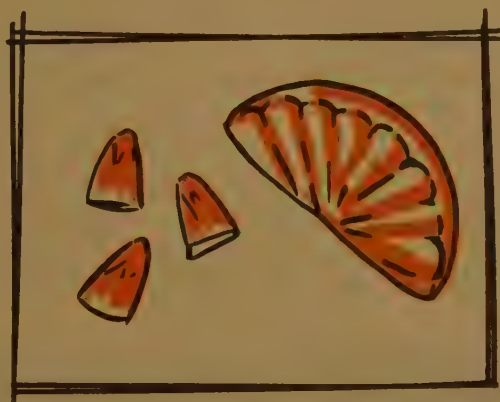
There was nothing to do but take it. If I talked about it any longer, I'd cry right there on the street in front of everyone. In a hot, damp hand I clutched that nickel; and never since have I felt so miserable or cheap.

I didn't spend the nickel that day or any other day. There was nothing valuable enough for that last nickel of Daddy's. In fact, it literally haunted me. I lay awake thinking about it. How could I return it to Daddy? "I'll just lay it on the table by his bed," I thought. Then, "No, I can't do that. I'll have to let him know which nickel it is. If I do that, he will feel badly and insist that I keep it."

So off and on for the next three months, I struggled with my problem nickel. There seemed to be no easy way to return it. My conscience burned with the sense of my selfishness; and I kept the fire going by constantly planning how to return the nickel.

Then Christmas was upon us. Daddy suggested that we all make our gifts that year. He would help, and so would Mother. There was no mention made of a trip to town to buy presents. "But then," I thought, "I couldn't find anything for that nickel that I'd want to give to Daddy."

The problem of a present for Daddy troubled me. Then just three days before Christmas I hit upon



the very thing.

Busily I worked. Not in three months had I felt so lighthearted. My presents were done, and I knew that Daddy would approve of them, especially the one for him.

Next morning we children were up with the sun and ready for Christmas. Presents were opened, admired, and happily appreciated. Then I reached back under the couch where Daddy was sitting and pulled out his gift.

He opened it carefully. "A pint of black walnut meats! All ready to eat. Hum-hum! Now how did you ever think of that?"

"There's something else in there, too," I said. "Look real close."

Daddy obligingly turned the jar around and around and finally turned it upside down.

"Well, for goodness sakes, what's this?" Daddy shook the jar up and down and then carefully turned it right side up and took off the lid.

There on top was a greasy nickel.

"Jean, this isn't . . ." began Daddy.

I nodded speechless.

(Continued on page 28)

Worship in the family with children

To Use with Younger Children

What Mark Liked

Mark was excited! At breakfast Daddy had said, "Next week I'll have my vacation." Mark did not need to ask, "What will we do?" He knew. He and his family always went to see Grandmother and Grandfather. They all liked to go there.

That evening as the family sat around the dinner table, big brother David said, "I can hardly wait to get to Grandfather's! It sure is nice to be able to hike through the woods!"

Big sister Mary said, "I like to go to Grandmother's. I like to help her gather vegetables from the garden. She lets me cook all by myself sometimes."

Mother said, "I like to go to Grandmother's because I can rest and relax."

"How do you relax, Mother?" Mark asked.

"Oh, I take some books to read. I curl up in the hammock, or sit under a shady tree, or find a quiet corner of the big porch," Mother answered.

"I must get my fishing tackle out and look it over," Daddy said. "I don't want to let any big

ones get away this summer!"

"Why?" Mark asked.

"Because it is fun to catch the big fish," Daddy said.

Mother had been watching Mark. She asked, "Are you glad to go to the farm, too, Mark?"

Mark smiled. "Oh, yes!" he said.

"Why do you like to go?" Mother went on.

"There are lots of things I like to do," Mark said.

"I like to walk to the river with Daddy when he goes fishing. I like to watch the ripples on the water when the fish line drops into it. I like to sit with you, Mother, when you read, and I like it more when you read to me."

All the others were watching and listening now.

"Is that all you like?" Mary wanted to know.

"Oh, no," Mark said. "I like to be with Grandfather when he works around the farm. Sometimes he lets me help him gather the eggs, and feed the cows, and pull weeds in the garden."

"But that's all work!" big brother David said.

Mark shook his head. "It is not work. It's what I like to do." Then he smiled as though he had a secret.

"What else do you like?" Daddy asked.

"I like it when Grandfather goes to the village. I like to look at people as they sit on their porches, or as they go into the store. I like to look at the church pointing up through the trees. It makes me feel safe and happy even in the village where I do not know anyone."

"Mark," Daddy said with a smile, "your reasons are better than ours!" And Mark felt just as happy as he did when he looked at the church!

Photo by Harold M. Lambert



Theme for August:

My World in Summer

A Word to Parents

The materials on this page and on the next two pages are for your use in moments of worship with your children. If you have a family worship service daily in your home, some of the materials here may be used at that time. If you use *The Secret Place*, you may find that some of these materials fit into the meditations in that booklet.

To Use with Older Children

Jim Discovers the Bible

Jim woke up with a start! What had wakened him? Where was he? Why was it so still? Then he remembered! His family had driven to their mountain cottage only last night. He had been too tired and sleepy to do anything but go to bed. He jumped up, dressed quickly, and ran out onto the porch. His parents were there, gazing out over the valley and to the hills that surrounded their cabin.

"Well, good morning!" Daddy said. "Thought maybe you intended to sleep all day!"

Jim breathed deeply. "Oh, boy! Smell the odor of pines! Listen to the birds! Look at the view!"

Jim's parents laughed. "Better not use any more adjectives before breakfast," Mother said. "And speaking of breakfast—it's ready."

The family went into the cabin and sat down at the table. They bowed their heads as Daddy prayed, "The earth is the LORD's and the fulness thereof, the world and those who dwell therein; for he has founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the rivers."¹

We thank thee, God, for all the wonders of your world, and for this food. Bless it to our bodies, and us as we vacation here. Amen."

Jim looked at his father a few minutes. "That is not like our usual prayer at mealtime," he said.

"No," his father answered with a smile, "and these mountains and this valley are not like the view that we usually see from our breakfast nook, either."

Jim grinned, thinking of the rooftops and the streets that could be seen from their home high in an apartment building in the city.

"Besides," Daddy went on, "your mother and I were enjoying the view long before you were awake. It reminded us of several of our favorite scripture passages; and we had been talking about that when you came out onto the porch."

"Scripture passages!" Jim said in amazement. "What passages can this place remind you of?"

Daddy looked at Mother. Mother looked at Daddy. "You first," Daddy said. Mother began,

"Bless the LORD, O my soul!

O LORD my God, thou art very great!

Thou art clothed with honor and majesty,

who coverest thyself with light as with a garment,

who hast stretched out the heavens like a tent,

who hast laid the beams of thy chambers on the waters,

who makest the clouds thy chariots,

who ridest on the wings of the wind,

who makest the winds thy messengers."²

Jim whistled. "It does sound as though it were a description of this place! Know any more like it?"

His father did not reply, but began to quote:

"Thou makest springs gush forth in the valleys;

they flow between the hills,

they give drink to every beast of the field;

the wild asses quench their thirst.

By them the birds of the air have their habitation; they sing among the branches.

From thy lofty abode thou waterest the mountains. the earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy work."³

"Well," Jim said, "that takes care of about all there is here except the trees. Do you suppose the Bible has anything to say about them?"

Without answer, both his parents began, "The trees of the LORD are watered abundantly, the cedars of Lebanon which he planted.

In them the birds build their nests; the stork has her home in the fir tree.

The high mountains are for the wild goats; the rocks are a refuge for the badgers."⁴

Jim was thoughtful as the sound of his parents' voices died away. "Guess I'll have to begin to read my Bible more carefully," he said at last. "It's great to be able to think of words like that in a place like this. Maybe I can learn some while we're here."

"That's a good idea," his mother said. "We can list some you would find interesting, too."

These are some of the passages they listed. See if you can add others that describe some of the things you see and enjoy on vacation:

Psalm 65:9-13

Job 28:1-11

Psalm 147:7-9

Job 38:4-27, 31-33

Psalm 148:1-10

Job 39:5-8, 19-30

¹Psalm 24: 1-2

²Psalm 104: 1-4a

³Psalm 104: 10-13

⁴Psalm 104: 16-18

Photo by Bob Taylor



For Family Worship

Worship Center:

If your family is accustomed to preparing and using a beauty or worship center to help to create a mood of worship, responsibility for arranging it may be rotated in the summer. Even young children can help with this.

Fresh garden flowers and an open Bible may be all that is needed in this center. Wild flowers lend themselves to beautiful arrangements. Whatever is used, let it speak to each member of the family of the wonder and beauty of God's summertime world.

Call to Worship:

O LORD, how manifold are thy works!

In wisdom hast thou made them all;
the earth is full of thy creatures.

—Psalm 104:24.

Song: Sing your favorite hymn, or choose between the following found in the primary pupil's book for year three, summer quarter: "God Made Us a Beautiful World," page 18, or "For the Beauty of the Earth," page 6.

Poem: Use one of the poems printed on this page or choose from the following: "I Love the Quietness of Prayer," primary pupil's book, year two, summer quarter, page 25; "Where Shall We Find God?" junior pupil's book, year one, summer quarter, page 38; "A Prayer for Growth," junior pupil's book, year one, summer quarter, page 43; "In

Summer," junior pupil's book, year two, summer quarter, page 24; "In Summer Fields," junior pupil's book, year three, summer quarter, page 6.

Meditation: Plan your own meditation based upon a favorite passage of scripture about God's plan for the seasons, upon the Call to Worship, upon any of the materials printed on these pages, or choose from the following: in the primary pupil's book, year three, summer quarter, "A Message About God's World," beginning on page 3; "Wild Flowers," beginning on page 12; "The Golden Ocean," beginning on page 15; "Enough for All," page 19; "Using the Psalms Today," junior pupil's book, year one, summer, page 24; "Wonderful Are Thy Works, O God," junior pupil's book, year one, summer, page 25; "In the Beginning," junior pupil's book, year three, beginning on page 3; or any section of "God of the Earth, the Sky, the Sea," junior pupil's book, year three, summer, beginning on page 7.

Prayer: Pray your own prayer, use "A Prayer," primary pupil's book, year three, summer, page 20, or use the prayer suggested here: Dear God, we are glad for summer days, and all of the happy times they bring. As we enjoy the beauty of your world, the joy of leisure, and the companionship of friends, help us to remember that you have planned these for us. Help us to share our joy with others. Amen.

Vacation Prayer

Thank you for vacation time
With many kinds of play,
And which one I like better
Is very hard to say.

It's fun to play with Fido,
It's fun to ride my bike,
It's fun to go in swimming,
Or take a nature hike.

But while I'm planning all the things
That I would like to do,
Help me to give my mother
A nice vacation, too.

—Belle Chapman Morrill

For Sunny Days

We thank thee, God, for sunny days,
When gold lies everywhere;
How very, very green the grass,
How clear and sweet the air.

The flowers lift their lovely heads,
And smile up at the sky;
And everyone is glad to live,
Oh, I could fairly fly!

—Lillian Collier Gray¹

When There Are Extra Things to Do

Dear God, I've washed the dishes,
Swept the floor
And put my toys away.
That's all the work that Mother said
I had to do today.
And now I want to play
With Jane.
But who will make the beds,
And dust the chairs,
And weed the garden patch?
My mother's sick in bed.
Dear God, I know it would be kind
To finish this work, too.
Help me to remember
That I show my love
By extra things I do.
Jane's knocking at the door.
Please, God, help me to be kind.
Amen.

—Esther Thom¹

End of Day

Dinner's over, bathtime too,
I kneel, dear God, to pray to you.
Thank you for this happy day
And bless the friends with whom I play.

—Claire Saalbach

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THE TWINS' BIG DAY

by Grace W. McGavran

"There!" exclaimed Bob. "That's enough lunch to eat twice if we get hungry." He tucked his sandwiches into the little canvas pack he was going to carry on his back. "Got yours, Toby?"

"Sure! And milk in our little Thermoses. Boy, won't we have fun."

Dad stopped in the kitchen before starting out to work. "How are the hikers? Going to make it to the top of Spruce Mountain this time?"

"Oh, Dad! I think so!" Bob replied eagerly. "It's two miles to Greenway Park. We'll stop there and rest. Then we'll get started up the trail. And we can stop when we're tired, and then go on and—"

"O.K.," interrupted Dad. "But you have that old wrist watch, and I don't want you starting down any later than three, no matter if you've reached the top or not. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Dad. But we've gone almost to the top before, and we're a whole year older now."

Dad went out the front door. The twins heard him talking to someone. They blinked and listened. It wasn't! Surely, it wasn't the high fretful voice of Aunt Jane! Aunt Jane! That would mean that Talcott was along. Talcott! Just a baby! It would mean the end to their expedition.

Talcott it was. He dashed into the kitchen all excited. "Hey! Mother has to shop all day, and I can play with you two guys."

"That's fine," said Bob, a bit unsteadily.

Mother appeared in the doorway. Aunt Jane had gone on.

"Bob and Toby were going on a hike today, Talcott," she said briskly.

Talcott grinned happily. "I

told Mother there would be something interesting doing. I just love to come here."

Bob and Toby glanced at each other. What could you do with a guy like that? Make him feel bad? Well, hardly!

"Where're we going?" demanded Talcott. "Can I make a sandwich, Aunt Lou?"

The twins' mother got out the bread and butter and other stuff. "I'll make the sandwiches," she said. "It's getting a bit late. Toby, find another small Thermos and fill it with milk. Bob get another apple and a banana." She didn't say where they were going.

Toby did his chore in silence. How could they give up the hike to Spruce Mountain? How could they? They'd been planning it for weeks.

"Boy! Oh, boy!" exulted Talcott. "A hike! And I thought maybe we'd just play around the yard."

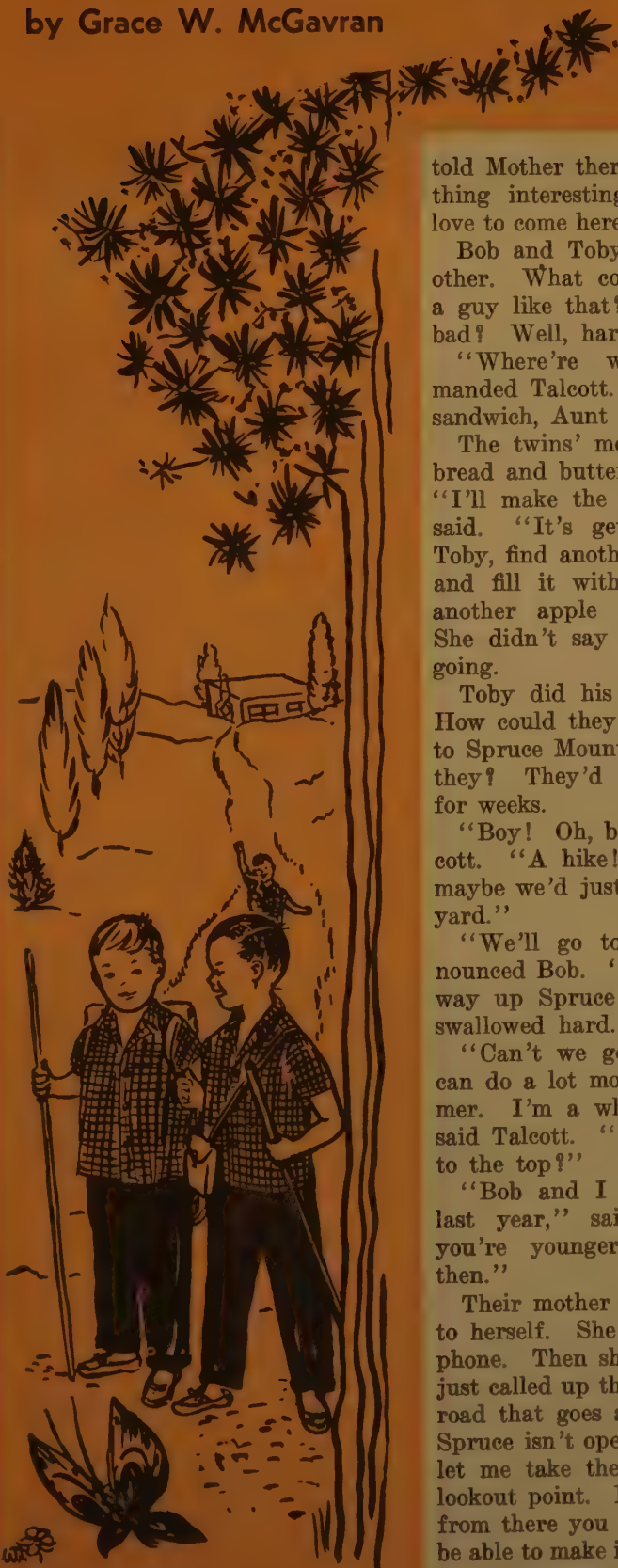
"We'll go to the park," announced Bob. "And then a little way up Spruce Mountain." He swallowed hard.

"Can't we go to the top? I can do a lot more than last summer. I'm a whole year older!" said Talcott. "Why don't we go to the top?"

"Bob and I couldn't make it last year," said Toby. "And you're younger than we were then."

Their mother was smiling a bit to herself. She went to the telephone. Then she came back. "I just called up the park. The auto road that goes a quarter way up Spruce isn't open yet; but they'll let me take the car on it up to lookout point. I think, boys, that from there you all three ought to be able to make it to the top. And

(Continued on page 31)



Study Article and Guide for Parents' Groups

by Richard R. Haworth

"I've saved a dollar already, Daddy. So go down and buy our tickets to California," exclaimed eight-year-old Kathy. Of course, she was only kidding; but because of this chance remark we went from Michigan to California and back on one of our most unusual vacations. It was unusual in so many ways that we still wonder how it all worked out so perfectly.

Since I was directing a summer camping program, I couldn't take a summer vacation; and the rest of the family decided not to go on one by themselves. We knew that it would be foolish to try to make the trip during Christmas school vacation, which consisted of only ten days that year. A conversation with the principal of the school gave new impetus to the venture, when she said that it was worthwhile for students to travel to other parts of the country. So plans developed that school work would be assigned in advance, and the children could prepare and give reports on their return.

With the time hurdle overcome, the real big problem was financial. This problem was helped a little, because Grandmother was living in Pasadena, which gave us a place for headquarters. Five people just don't travel across the country on nothing, however. It was during the discussions about saving everything that we could that the classic statement, "I've saved a dollar, go buy the tickets," made us aware that as a family project it could be done.

The tried-and-true statement, "Where there is a will there is a way," was certainly true. If you have ever been a member of a church when plans and costs are being presented for a new building, you know how we felt as a family. It literally seemed impossible. Great and wonderful things can only happen when everyone does his little bit. So with unity of spirit and thought the nickels, dimes, dollars, and money from summer and early fall preaching engagements began to come to a sizable amount.



"All in all experiences as a family, whether in a Christian camp environment, family camping, or taking a trip, have lasting significance and value."

Photo by Cy La Tour

HEARTHSTONE

WHAT VACATION HAS MEANT TO US

As contacts were made regarding costs of various modes of transportation, we felt like the congregation who begins to let contracts for the new building after two or three years of paying into a building campaign.

Early in December we left Detroit in a new car that was to be delivered in Los Angeles. After many glorious days of sightseeing and relaxing we returned on the Santa Fe's El Capitan, taking advantage of their family plan. The schedule each day called for study time to keep up with the school work; and it soon became real fun looking forward to school time. As we visited many places of interest, including Disneyland, Marineland, museums, and the Rose Bowl Parade, the children were saving items of interest for their school reports.

Our camera went along with us; and today we still relive the many happy memories. "California, here we come," rings out just as joyously now as it did during the months of planning and preparation as pictures of things seen and done are viewed. It is during moments of retrospect that we really begin to realize what this major project did for our family. We would now agree that "the difficult we do immediately. The impossible takes a little longer." Together we did it. Together we planned, and together we carried out plans. Together we accomplished what seemed impossible.

If you really want to begin to live as a family and do things as a family, you should consider vacationing by camping. With a tent, cots, Coleman stove, and a few utensils, a pastor family of our acquaintance has visited all of our forty-eight states. Mother, father, and three children spend hours reminiscing about the experiences and good times that they have had together. A junior in high school, after seven years of camping as a family, says, "We have more family life during our camping than at any other time." Without the responsibility of home, office, and school there is nothing to do but live, play, and enjoy each other as a family.

A family becomes a unit through the co-operation that comes from each member doing his part in putting up the tent, making the beds, cleaning up the grounds, preparing the food, and washing the dishes.

Through this kind of unifying effort "we know the joy of sharing common tasks. We do not gripe over rain, or cold or heat. Nature is wonderfully impartial. God sends his rain on evil and good alike and causes his sun to shine on just and unjust." With this kind of attitude the family has a chance to see each other in a new light, to have fun together, and to discover new and better ways of living together in unity of mind and spirit.

What would you do if for two weeks you were in a cabin in the Maine woods, twenty miles from a town? This is when you really begin to live together, and to keep from arguing and bickering you become creative. Our friends hit upon the idea of having Christmas in July. A tree was selected and decorated with the objects and materials at hand. Presents consisted of cans of food, soap, and other household items all wrapped in newspapers. Perhaps it doesn't sound exciting; but just recently this became the highlight of the conversation as memories were recalled. Mother said that their family was "building memories" that will last forever. A family soon learns to be creative and enjoys being with each other when every day is spent in living together.

Every member of the family talks about the lasting values and learning received from camping together. One of their vacations was spent along the Potomac River; and here they began to relive early American history. Day-long trips to birthplaces of early Americans, to historic spots and monuments in Washington, D. C., have made words previously read come alive. Their college freshman says today that her "appreciation of American history was enhanced by seeing these places of interest." She also testified to a clearer understanding of early history and the people involved.

The youngest member of this camping family, now in the ninth grade, wrote a very interesting report for school on their own state of Michigan. One vacation period was spent camping in various state parks and stopping at historic spots along the way.

This is a most interesting family to visit, as they tell of the places that they have been and the experiences that they have had. As plans are made for each camping trip, the family studies maps and lo-

cates the places of interest that they want to see. All along the way they continually check and double check their position. What a wonderful way to study geography! It is much more realistic than pictures and words in a geography book. Above all else the family is studying together. The parents do not have to ask the question, "What did you learn today?" but rather, "We saw it together."

Through the years the closeness to the natural universe makes God real as few experiences do. If the essence of worship is wonder, then a dozen times a day in traveling across the country one is made aware of God.

This past summer we were privileged to attend the

National Family Conference at Green Lake, Wisconsin, and several years ago were leaders in the family camp of our own state. Here we shared experiences and lived together with other Christian families on a planned, get-together basis.

When a family thinks of summer vacation, the children, especially, want swimming, boating, and various outdoor activities. Mother usually wishes that she could get away from the routine of cooking and housework. Father, of course, just wants to get away. Attending a family camp provides all of this plus much more.

Parents have an opportunity to discuss problems of mutual concern with guidance from selected leaders.

for "What Vacation Has Meant to Us"

Study Guide



Preparation for the Meeting

The most important part of any meeting is in the preparation. As you read the article, make notes of points which appeal to you, or with which you disagree, and questions which come to your mind.

All members of the group can enter into the preparation and should be informed of the subject as early as possible. You could ask them to make exhibits of pictures that they have of former vacations, maps used, descriptive folders, souvenirs, and even vacation plans. These could be set up in advance of the meeting time, and would provide many opportunities for conversation as the members arrive.

It would be well for someone to be designated to get information about your denominational programs for fam-

ily camping both on the national and on the state level.

Someone else could bring information about facilities for camping in state and national parks. The United States Department of the Interior provides a map entitled, "Recreational Areas of the United States Under Federal or State Administration." On it are indicated the national forests, national parks, state parks, national monuments, places of historic interest, and the major U. S. highways. This person should also keep in mind that information is available for lodging or camping in each of the parks; and addresses of the state offices providing more information about the state parks are given on the map.

Conducting the Meeting

As the parents arrive, they should be guided to look at the various exhibits

already set up. The meeting will, at that time, actually begin to achieve its purposes with the conversation and questions around the exhibits. There will be new places to talk about, different ways of travel, sharing of unusual experiences, and many questions regarding plans, times, and costs. It may be difficult for the chairman to get the group seated; but at least some kindred thinking has already been established.

There should be a brief review of what vacationing together as a family can mean. This could either be done by the chairman, or through group discussion. There is every possibility that members of the group can contribute much to the values and pleasures of family vacations.

The important part of the meeting should be a sharing time, when parents would be given the opportunity to tell some interesting experiences that were enriching to their own family relationships. If it is known that some have attended a denominational family camp, they should be asked to tell about it.

As these experiences are shared and values related, questions will arise and new ideas will begin to take shape. Remember to keep uppermost in the thinking that vacations as a family can be enriching and stimulating for total family relationships.

At this point it would be well to have a presentation of the map secured from the United States Department of the Interior.

Closing Worship

Because a vacation in God's great outdoors naturally leads one to worship, a fitting close would be a worship program based on pictures of the beauty of God's world.

Perhaps you can secure slides of scenic spots that show God's handiwork. Hymns, poetry, and Bible verses to go with the slides would make a very meaningful service.

This program could very likely result in some new concepts of family vacations and probably cause many to start making plans for next summer.

This generally takes place during the morning, while the children have activities planned for them. Each family then makes its own plans for the afternoon; and these activities include swimming, boating, hiking, sightseeing, and crafts.

Mealtime experiences in a family camp are happy occasions, when families can get better acquainted. Here, too, they learn and demonstrate some of the social graces and behavior that are so very important in any kind of relationship.

Evenings provide opportunities for worship. Individual family groups have their own worship as they sit together in quietness, reading their Bible and discussing the day's happenings. Here God becomes

a unifying force. Generally, there is also a camp vesper program. After the children are tucked in bed, the parents gather again for fellowship and sharing with one another which results in broadening the scope of Christian association.

All in all, experiences as a family, whether in a Christian camp environment, family camping, or taking a trip, have lasting significance and value. New and better techniques of living together are learned. Habits of co-operative play, work, and worship are established. Friendships are made with other families that will always enrich the memories of past experiences. This is what "vacation has meant to us."

BIBLEGRAM

by Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, you will find that the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

A Important men of the desert -	36 128 31 115 22 5
B Coarsely ground corn used as a cereal -----	120 25 13 8 71 66
C The end of a horse's foot ----	105 18 125 68
D Wealthy biblical queen -----	116 30 43 102 123
E Any place of protection from the storm -----	53 62 3 21 81 63 52
F Barriers to keep cattle in ----	40 12 60 32 87 58
G To make broader -----	19 106 49 129 84
H Links or rings joined together	46 113 90 27 56 101
I Left, departed -----	44 99 76 127
J Great joy -----	57 73 2 80 112 42 10
K Lady who entertains you -----	17 39 69 85 6 23 82
L To shrink or draw back, as from pain -----	93 122 59 72 95 86
M People who lack intelligence -	97 51 96 110 88
N Parts of the arms -----	109 130 1 92 64 9
O Time to wear woollies -----	16 70 50 91 37 74

P What Ham's grandson "Nimrod" was -----	11 34 28 119 48 78
Q Offspring of a cat -----	47 117 41 61 89 35
R Journeys or excursions -----	114 67 103 100 75
S To swoon or lose consciousness	98 14 45 24 29
T The deluge of Noah's time --	126 38 33 131 7
U Paul was one -----	107 20 83 118 54
V Place, as in place of -----	79 26 121 55 108
W Highways -----	132 77 65 133 4
X Doubles -----	104 124 111 15 94

(Solution on page 28)

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12		13	14	15		16	17	18		19
22	23		24	25	26		27	28		29
	32	33	34	35	36	37	38		39	40
42	43		44	45	46	47	48	49		50
	53	54	55	56	57	58		59	60	
63		64	65	66		67	68		69	70
73	74	75		76	77	78		79	80	81
83	84		85	86	87		88	89	90	91
93		94	95	96	97	98	99	100	101	
104		105	106	107		108	109	110	111	112
	115	116		117	118		119	120	121	
124		125	126		127	128	129		130	131

DESIGN FOR FUN

by Helen Giorgi

A week after moving day, my new neighbor and I were engaging in the fine old American custom of backyard fence chatter. "Just three more days till our vacation," I sighed happily. "After all of the exhausting details of moving, I can scarcely wait to spend two whole weeks relaxing with my husband and children."

"You take the children with you?" Her expression implied that I was more to be pitied than censured. "I always leave mine at Mother's and enjoy a real rest."

It was my turn to look sympathetic. Why, a vacation without children is like an apple pie without apples; the best part has been left out. One of the greatest delights of being a parent is to spend an unhurried procession of sun-filled days with children, playing together, reading together, exchanging ideas, as you never could at home, where responsibilities crowd in on every side.

But those lovely, leisurely hours together will never be achieved by haphazard, let-come-what-may methods. They require a definite "design for fun," with Mom, the family engineer, carefully drawing up specification lists for travel entertainment, adequate clothing, appropriate toys, simple menus, and miscellaneous indispensables.

Travel Entertainment

Lively youngsters find long hours of confinement in a car almost unbearable; and their whining and bickering can make the trip equally unpleasant for their parents. Why not salvage these wasted hours, by providing enough entertainment to last throughout the automobile ride?

Last year, we drove from Alameda, California, to the Redwood highway area in northern California, a distance of two hundred miles. A few days before leaving, we gathered at the kitchen table to draw a picture map of our route. Using a 10 by 14-inch piece of cardboard, we sketched in places of interest which our children could watch for along the way: a ferry boat, three bridges, a geyser, a redwood tree service station, a mission, a totem pole, Burbank gardens, and at our destination, a cabin and a river with fish in it. Our source of information was a scenic road map, published by a large west coast gasoline company.

Seven-year-old Lanny printed all of the town names on the map; and we included symbolic drawings of a few town names, for our preschooler to "read": a man hopping on one leg for "Hopland," a four-leaf clover for "Cloverdale," a man patting his full stomach for "Fulton," and a daisy with petals for "Petaluma."

On the reverse side of the map, we listed entertainment ideas, beginning with a songfest. Our joy at starting out on a vacation just naturally overflows into song; and our boisterous rendition of "I've Been Working on the Railroad" has been startling the cows and chickens along the major California highways for a good many years.

Storytelling enlivens the trip, too. Continued stories, with each member of the family contributing an episode, provide hours of amusement; and when imaginations falter, the children choose familiar stories for Mother and Dad to relate. "The Ugly Duck-

ling," "Rumpelstiltskin," and "Pinocchio" are perennial favorites.

Last year, we invested a small amount of money in a venture which paid big dividends. A search of variety stores yielded twenty-eight toys for a total expenditure of \$3.12. Wrapping them in colorful gift paper, I divided them into two paper bags and allowed our children to open one every half-hour, thus making the surprises last throughout the seven hours of travel time. The squeals of excitement that greeted the small treasures converted a dreary ride into an exhilarating family adventure.

Young children need to stop frequently at rest rooms; and such stops should include a drink of water and a short run. A child's disposition can be marvelously improved by a breath of fresh air and a little exercise.

Vacation Clothing

For years, our luggage carrier bulged with a superfluity of clothing as we traveled to and from our vacation spots. Since tents and cabins are notably lacking in storage space and washing facilities, we found that the addition of our two children's clothing necessitated a drastic curtailment of our clothing list. I chewed the pencil feverishly, and lamented that we could never get by with fewer clothes. To my surprise, our new list proved to be completely adequate for all of our hot weather vacation needs.

For each child we pack two pairs of long jeans, two pairs of short jeans, two swim suits, two pairs of pajamas, two seersucker play

shirts, two pairs of socks, a sun hat, a jacket, a pair of sandals, one pair of sturdy shoes, one outfit for church, and a change of underwear. My husband and I take substantially the same amount of clothing for ourselves.

Every morning, I wash the dirty clothes and hang them carefully on the line, to eliminate the need for ironing. They are ready to wear again by afternoon.

Appropriate Toys

Children's toy needs are few when they have a river or lake nearby. We take a shovel and pail for each child, boats to float, a few plastic people, a dump truck, and a ball.

If the cabin or camp site is a long distance from the water, a canvas pool will prove invaluable. Swimming once or twice a day satisfies an adult; but in hot weather children want to be splashing all day long. A strong canvas pool will eliminate tiresome trips to the beach, and will sturdily withstand the energetic jumping, boat sailing, and water fighting that spell vacation fun for small children.

Simple Menus

One of the greatest causes of family tension and unhappiness is the wrangling that goes on at the dinner table, as parents and children disagree on how much to eat, what to eat, and how long to eat.

Although parents need to be firm in such matters at home, they can relax the rules during vacation, allowing children to substitute cottage cheese for unpopular meats and fruit salads for disliked vegetables. The resultant peace at mealtimes will provide a restful change for parents and children alike.

For Mother's sake, the menus should be simple. We begin our vacation breakfasts with orange or grapefruit juice, and rotate between soft-boiled eggs, dry cereal, bacon and eggs, and pancakes.

Lunch consists of sandwiches of tuna fish, cheese, salame, or eggs, with lettuce and tomatoes to "juicy them up," as our children say. Occasionally, we substitute fruit salad or potato salad for sandwiches, and add potato chips, crackers, or corn curls. Lunch-

time dessert is fruit and cookies.

A one-dish meal with a tossed salad makes simple, satisfying evening fare. Our family thrives on hot dogs, hamburgers, fried beans with bacon, fried potatoes and eggs, frying pan tamale pie, and spaghetti and meatballs, with our preschooler substituting cottage cheese for highly seasoned dishes.

Try to include a few restaurant meals in your vacation budget. Even a sandwich and a milkshake taste delicious to Mom, when she can leave the dirty dishes on the table.

Miscellany

After eighteen years of vacationing, we have cropped our cabin list to the following essentials: an ax and a shovel, a good butcher knife, a can opener, an egg beater, a grater, a potato masher, a pressure cooker (why should I take longer to prepare food on vacation than I do at home!), a frying pan, weenie forks, a clothesline and clothespins, a guitar for campfire singing, a mirror, a needle and some thread, a can of assorted nails, a canteen, first-aid supplies, canvas for the beach, a horseshoe game, and books.

Well-chosen books serve to unite the family in a time of quiet relaxation daily. Our vacation book shelf usually contains storybooks for the children, fiction, travel, and biography for the adults, and our devotional standbys, *The Secret Place* and *The Bible*.

Campers will want to expand the miscellaneous list considerably; but the items are only a suggestion at best. A vacation is a personal affair; and each mother must compile her own list of things which she considers essential to the vacation comfort of her own particular family.

Make this a memorable year for your family—the year that you worked out your own vacation design for fun. Share with us the delicious contentment that follows a perfect family vacation, when parents and children scramble out of the car, stretch travel-stiffened legs, and all join in the joyful chorus, "This has been the best vacation of all!"

Photo by erb



Let the children help you get ready for a vacation trip. They like to be included in family plans.

The Newcomer

(Continued from page 9)

"He became a changed individual, and was released from prison before his sentence had terminated. Shortly after he returned home, his mother died; and the young man was left penniless and alone."

"The rest of the story I think you could fill in for yourselves. The boy's minister wrote a letter to a minister of a small town. The parole board granted leave for the young man to live in the small town, appointing the local chief of police as parole officer. A new life was begun.

"Now comes the part of the story which is the hardest for me to tell because, in a very real way, I am responsible for the present unhappy ending to this parable. By now, of course, you have guessed that I am the minister from the small town. Well, I am the one who insisted that it would be better for the young man to keep his past a secret for a time, giving the fine townsfolk an opportunity to accept him and fit him into their affections without prejudice. I expected that eventually the past could be revealed by the young man himself and that this revelation would not affect the community's love and respect for a young person who had rectified his wrongs and had become an outstanding Christian citizen. I wonder if I was wrong in this!"

Suddenly, the rapt attention of the congregation was broken by Mr. Winslow, who stood up and said loudly, "I don't know what anyone else intends to do about the disgraceful way that he has treated this young man, but I for one am going to welcome him into my home." His terse speech ended, he sat down again, unconcerned that he was the focal point of several hundred eyes. Roger's throat ached with emotion. It was good to know that someone was on his side.

After the service was over, people flocked around Roger, expressing regret for their un-Christian behavior, and telling him that they would do whatever they could to make amends. Mrs. Winslow had tears in her eyes when she squeezed his shoulder. Widow Bright held his hand in both of hers, and told him that he could come back to her boarding house to live anytime he wanted to.

Afterward, when he and Sarah were walking, hand in hand, to the Winslow home, Sarah said gaily, "Everything is going to turn out all right for us, Roger. The people have accepted you now."

The joy that he felt was almost more than he could bear. He looked at Sarah, and said, "I have a feeling that everything is always going to be all right for us."

The Price of a Nickel

(Continued from page 17)

Daddy said, "Well, for goodness' sake," once more, and pulled out his handkerchief and blew his nose.

"That's fine, honey. I'll eat the nuts right away; but the nickel I'll have to keep until I find something worth that much."

"He knew all the time that I hadn't spent that nickel," I thought. "I wonder if he'll have as hard a time spending it as I did!"

I never knew until many years later what happened to that nickel.

There was still no ready money the year that I was to go to college. Daddy arranged to borrow enough for me for that first year. By working at school, wearing my clothes and shoes from high school, and worst of all, not coming home for any of the holidays, we could just manage.

Christmas Eve in an empty dormitory, four hundred miles from home, can be very dreary. I went to my room after dinner and tried to read. Nothing held my attention, which turned unerringly toward the farm and the family I loved. I felt like crying, something I wanted to avoid at all cost; for if I once started, I wasn't sure that I could stop. I decided to open one package from the box that Mother had sent. Without hesitation I chose the one from Daddy. It felt like a glass jar. What could it be? The paper slid off, revealing a pint of corn candy. Taped to the lid was a worn buffalo nickel.

My heart beat furiously. As clearly as I had heard him when I was a child of six, I heard my Daddy say, "Well, for goodness' sake, what's this?"

I put my head in my hands and cried. Finally, I wiped my eyes and nose and read Daddy's note. "Dear Jeanie: This Christmas will be lonely for you, but you know that we love you and think of you. Here is the nickel that we have shared for the last fourteen years. I think you need it now more than I. I have carried it for good luck since you gave it to me for Christmas so long ago. It has reminded me many times over that some things can not be purchased for a nickel or for any price; things like discipline, honesty, and unselfish love. These things are not given to us. We have to work for them. Sometimes we need a reminder to make it all seem worthwhile. If you will bow your head and say with me our family grace, you'll make it through Christmas without any trouble."

"Thank you God for our manifold blessings. Guard, guide, and protect us," I prayed. I felt wonderfully relieved, almost happy.

"Well," I thought, "At last I can have corn candy for breakfast." I slept soundly that night with the buffalo nickel under my pillow.

So You Are An Expectant Father!

(Continued from page 5)

ably. Often a physician can team with the nurse for a presentation of the physical aspects of pregnancy, while the pastor can join her for a discussion of the emotional, interpersonal, and spiritual aspects.

The least that the pastor can do is to have some good books available to lend to his couples. Pastors are busy people, however. Sometimes they, like the physicians, have to be prodded into giving more time to the educational aspects of pregnancy and preparation for parenthood.

The expectant father can read some books on his own, even if the physician and the pastor are not too helpful. Good books are available to help you know what to expect in pregnancy and parenthood. I have written elsewhere that "pregnancy is the testing ground for marriage and the training ground for parenthood."¹ When a husband and wife use the experience of pregnancy to deepen their own understanding of each other, their love will grow and their marriage will be strengthened and enriched. The pregnancy will prove to be not a nightmare but a prelude to parenthood—that great adventure with God in the co-creation of life and the Christian nurture of souls (their own as well as their children's).

So you are an expectant father? Be glad and thank God!

¹*Husbands and Pregnancy*, by William H. Genné, Association Press.

Biblegram Solution

(Biblegram on page 25)

SOLUTION: "Blessed is the man who walks not in the counsel of the wicked, nor stands in the way of sinners, nor sits in the seat of scoffers, but his delight is in the law of the LORD." (Psalm 1:1-2)

The Words

A Sheiks	M Fools
B Hominy	N Elbows
C Hoof	O Winter
D Sheba	P Hunter
E Shelter	Q Kitten
F Fences	R Tours
G Widen	S Faint
H Chains	T Flood
I Went	U Saint
J Delight	V Stead
K Hostess	W Roads
L Flinch	X Twins



Family Counselor

Q OUR two-and-a-half-year-old daughter has a birthmark on her face which the dermatologist says might fade away in time. Could you give me some suggestions for coping with this problem? She is not aware of the mark yet, but I know that someday she will be and I don't want her to be ashamed of it and so conscious of it that she would be embarrassed. The dermatologist advised us to use a cosmetic which is specifically made for covering birthmarks, when we wanted to. Do you think I should apply the cosmetic when she starts to school? The mark is not raised or ugly and is only asked about whenever we meet someone who has never seen her before. Your advice would be appreciated as I do want to deal with this in the best way possible.

A I HAVE the impression that your own good judgment tends to make you question the constant use of a cosmetic to cover up your daughter's birthmark. And, to use a slang phrase, "you are so right" in your judgment.

We do not help our children become emotionally mature and happy by encouraging them to run away from their difficulties or, in this case, to try to hide a physical blemish. Imagine the constant state of anxiety your daughter

would be in if she went through life trying to keep people from discovering that she has a birthmark.

When your daughter notices the birthmark, tell her quite frankly what it is. She is likely to notice it, incidentally, long before the fact of having it is embarrassing to her. If you accept the fact of the birthmark in a matter-of-fact way, without showing concern over it or pity for her, she, too, will accept it in much the same way. If, occasionally, other children or strangers remark about it, teach her to accept their comments as being due partly to curiosity and partly to thoughtlessness.

It is important, in other words, that her friends and playmates shall know of the birthmark. However, there may be special occasions, a party, or a visit to a city,

or some unusual situation, in which she may want to use a cosmetic to cover up the mark. At such times, there is no reason why she should not do so, as this is quite different from always using the cosmetic.

You must decide, of course, whether she should use it when she starts to school. She probably will know many of the boys and girls who are going and if she wears the cosmetic, they may notice it and embarrass her by remarking about it. Inasmuch as the rest of the children will learn about the mark eventually, why not let them know of it from the beginning?

On the other hand, if you feel that to wear the cosmetic for a few days would lessen the necessary strains of adjustment that every child experiences in beginning school, there is no reason why she should not wear it.

Donald M. Maynard

Skin Game

by R. E. Atkinson

Teen-agers with complexion problems should read this helpful article.

One of the problems that teen-agers often face is those pesky little blemishes of the skin called acne. At some time during the high school years almost nine out of every ten girls and boys are affected to some extent. The individual boy or girl with the pimples often forgets that his is a common trouble and feels singled out for this seeming misfortune.

I asked a physician friend about this problem and what could be done about it; and he had this initial advice for teen-agers: "If you have trouble with acne, don't let it disturb you in any way except to make you take as good care of your skin as possible. Remember, many of your friends have, or will have, the same difficulty, and on them it may seem scarcely noticeable. It always seems to affect *you* worse."

Acne is so common during adolescence that it is

considered almost a part of normal physiology by physicians and skin specialists. Only when it is severe is it considered to be on a par with a disease. Fortunately, severe cases are exceedingly rare. Studies of school age groups have shown acne to be somewhat more common in boys than in girls.

The condition usually begins at about the time the adolescent is through grade school and vanishes or reappears without much rhyme or reason. These so-called remissions may be periodic or seasonal, with some tendency to disappear during vacations and in the summertime. Such clearing often is confused with hoped-for results of treatment. The condition is likely to become worse, temporarily, in the autumn.

Among the principal causes suspected by physicians is a faulty hormone or gland supply. Some have noted a tendency for acne to appear in certain families; and, oddly enough, there is apparently some relation between acne in a family and hereditary, early baldness in men.

The eruption usually is found on the forehead, cheeks, nose, and chin, although it may affect the chest, back, and shoulders. Excessive oiliness of the skin is commonly found to accompany the condition. The first evidence of acne is a plugged opening of the small glands of the skin, as a result of overactivity of the oil glands. These plugs, commonly called "blackheads," cause local inflammation and at times become infected.

The first question usually asked is whether the blackheads should be removed. The best thing to do first is to see your physician and follow his advice carefully. Forcing out the blackheads is usually unnecessary and may produce infection or spread, sometimes with resulting scars on the skin.

If the blackheads should come out, the physician will demonstrate the proper method. For most cases hot compresses are applied for several minutes to soften the tissues, and then removal is accomplished by a small instrument made just for the purpose.

Actually, removal of the blackheads is of secondary importance. Glandular treatment has not yet been completely successful. So treatment is directed primarily at the local condition. This local treatment is based on superficial peeling of the skin, which must be done by a physician and under his direction to be sure that no harm is done. This local treat-

(Continued on next page)



Photo by erb

It's sort of discouraging to see a blemished complexion staring at you from the mirror. But the chances are that it is much more noticeable and distressing to you than it is to others.

The Twins' Big Day

(Continued from page 21)

you can phone me from the park when you get down, and I'll come there for you."

Bob and Toby flung themselves at her. "But Mom! You were going to be so busy today! And you said you—"

"Never mind," interrupted Mother with a smile. "Plans can be changed, can't they?" She winked at them. "Now get that extra little pack for Talcott, and I'll get the car out."

"On our way!" sang out the boys. Talcott wriggled happily on the back seat of the car. "Isn't it wonderful I got here in time?" he asked.

The twins giggled. "Another ten minutes, and we'd have been gone," they agreed. "But sure, Talcott, it's wonderful. Look what a ride we get. Even part way up the mountain!"

The two miles to the park were easy. Then Mother edged the car past the barriers and signs telling people not to go on the road. The guard smiled and waved. "Have a good time, boys!" he said.

Up and up they went. And then at a little turn-around Mother stopped the car. "From here you are on your own," she said. "Be careful. Go slowly. Don't do any of the things your dad has told you not to do. Talcott, the twins are in charge. When they tell you not to go some place, it's because they know it isn't safe. So don't think you know better. Promise?"

"Sure, Aunt Lou." Talcott's happy grin made everyone happy, too.

"He's a good little guy," said Bob softly to Toby. Toby nodded.

They started up the trail.

The day was hot. Talcott's legs were considerably shorter than those of the twins. He huffed and puffed as they went.

Talcott got farther and farther behind. "Wait!" he kept calling.

"We'll never get to the top at this rate," groaned Bob.

But they dropped down to Talcott's pace. They rested whenever he was tired. To tell the truth, after a couple of hours, they were getting tired themselves.

"Let us stop and eat," suggested Toby.

Bob looked at the old wrist watch. "It's only ten o'clock," he said.

But they stopped and enjoyed a bit of lunch, carefully keeping some for later.

They kept on. Talcott got tired faster. He had to rest oftener. The top was nowhere in sight.

It was twenty stops and some more lunch after that, when Talcott looked at the twins, his happy grin wiped completely out.

"I can't go anymore! You'll have to go on and—and—just leave me here."

The twins glanced at each other. To leave Talcott was one thing that

Dad just wouldn't approve of at all. There wasn't any real danger, but Dad had said, "You leave a younger child on the trail, and he gets rested up and goes off just a little way to look at something and first thing you know he's fallen down a cliff or got into some trouble or something. It's just not safe."

"Can't do that," said Bob briefly. He swallowed his disappointment. "You rest up, Talcott, and then we'll start down. It won't be so hard going down."

Talcott looked at his cousins. "I've spoiled your trip," he mourned. "And because I came, Aunt Lou had to change her plans. She wasn't going to drive you part way up the mountain. I've spoiled everything!"

"No you haven't," said Toby. "It's been fun, hasn't it? And Bob and I can climb to the top another time."

They rested in silence for quite a while.

Then they ate the rest of the lunch. Talcott got up. He started up the trail.

"Hey!" called Bob. "Where are you going?"

"To the top," said Talcott. "I'm going real slowly, but I'm not going to spoil things for you."

Bob whistled. "Gosh, you're a real good sport, Talcott."

He and Toby grabbed Talcott by the hands. "We'll give you a pull."

Up they started, once more. They rounded the next turn in the trail. And there, right in front of them was the top!

All three broke into a run. Tired? Who was tired!

"The top! The top! The top!" they shouted.

Talcott's happy grin was spreading all over his face again. And it was matched by the grins that Toby and Bob were wearing.

"We'll do it again," said Bob. "Want to, Talcott?"

"Any day," said Talcott happily.

Skin Game

(Continued from page 30)

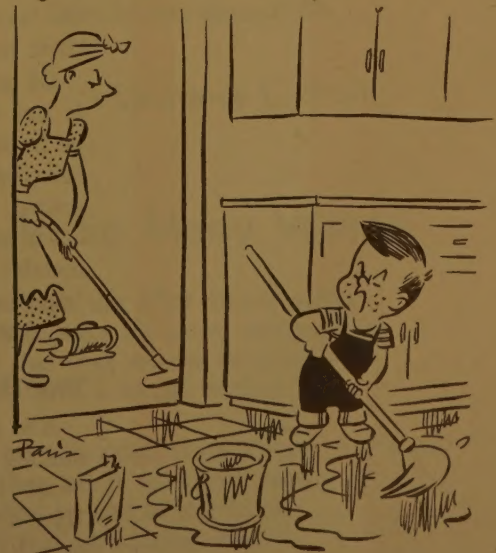
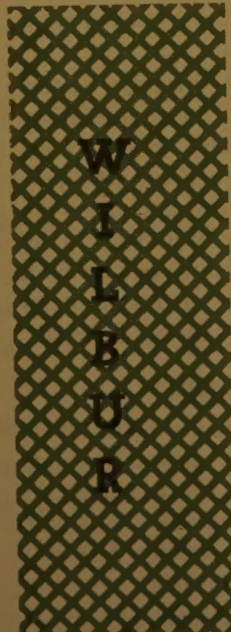
ment may vary from simply scrubbing with a rough turkish cloth and bland soap to stronger applications of astringents, carbon dioxide snow, or X-rays. The physician is trained to consider which method will produce the best results and to determine whether these results are being achieved. Self-treatment of this sort might not produce good results.

Vaccines, another method that is sometimes tried, have not usually been successful. Ultraviolet rays, properly used, sometimes help. Face creams are to be avoided, as are cosmetic lotions, colored face powder, and rough woolens next to the skin. Absent or very limited in the diet should be chocolates, fish, nuts, sharp cheeses, pork, fats, iodized salt, and any drug with bromides. Major sources of pep-providing calories would be bread, cereals, rice, potatoes, corn, beans, peas, and most other vegetables, and apples, bananas, sugars, and tapioca. Go easy on carrots, spinach, tomato juice, catsup, egg yolk, and cod-liver oil.

Your physician will treat general conditions, if they exist, such as local infections, constipation, or anemia.

Your physician probably will tell you to get lots and lots of sleep, to drink five or six glasses of water each day, and to take plenty of exercise to encourage perspiration.

Even with all this, acne is an obstinate, persistent condition, and may pop up again. Just keep your chin up; and even though a few little pimples feel very big to you, your friends really hardly notice them. In fact, the chances are that they have them, too.



"Just keep this up, and I'll be too tired to go to church Sunday."

OVER THE BACK FENCE

Has Our Educational System Failed?

Since Sputnik I came over the horizon nearly a year ago, there has been a great outcry over the failure of education in the United States. There is no need here to repeat all the charges that have been made in this regard.

One answer to our question was given recently by a visiting Roman Catholic educator from England. In his stout defense of American education Raymond Corboy, rector of St. Edmund's House of Cambridge University, raised these questions: "Has your educational system really failed to produce the kind of leaders that your society needs? Have you fallen behind [Russia] because you as a nation have chosen to devote yourself to looking after people and not sending things up into the atmosphere? You have officers and administrators for your government, educators for your schools, and scientists for your laboratories." Father Corboy concluded, "All your people can't have been all wrong all the time in what they wanted from their schools."

Of course, our education system is not perfect. It can and must be improved greatly. Its greatest crisis is lack of facilities and personnel. But as we approach another school year, it is well to remember this stalwart defense by a friend from other shores who has no ulterior motive in his defense.

Two Helpful Pamphlets

Are you facing the prospect of moving? Does it almost give you heart failure to think about it? Here are two pamphlets which you may have for the asking that will help in both situations.

When Families Move is a guide

to those who face the task of changing communities. It gives tips on what to do before, after, and during a move.

What We Know About Diet and Heart Disease is a brief booklet of the American Heart Association that brings us up to date on the effect that diet has on the heart.

Write to *Hearthstone* for your free copy of these two little aids to serenity of mind.

Parents! Take Courage!

Have you been somewhat discouraged by the barrage of criticism leveled at the American family, particularly at you? Although some of the complaint is justifiable, it is nevertheless encouraging to read what Ernest G. Osborne, professor of family counseling at Teachers' College, Columbia University, New York, had to say recently.

Faced with social problems that their grandparents never had, modern parents are not doing too bad a job in preserving family stability, he pointed out. Today's family has a "growing climate" that does a much better job of developing children and parents who are "healthy individuals" than did families of previous generations, he insisted. "The American family is far from an outmoded institution. The variety and flexibility of living conditions open to today's families leads to a richness and creativity in family life largely unknown in past generations. Never has there been so much interest in family relations. Parent education groups are numerous. Schools and colleges include offerings in the study of marriage and family living."

Pointing out the many agencies that are devoted to helping families with their problems, he cited a number of changes in family relationships which dispute the disintegration of family life. Among these changes are a "greater frankness" about and understanding of sex, and a greater equality between husband and wife. *Hearthstone* is dedicated to helping parents do a better job with their families.

Poetry Page

Like a Fruit Tree

My mother's life was like a fruit tree growing,
Her roots well-planted in the sturdy loam,
Her kindness like a restful shade, bestowing
A quiet peace to all within her home.
We were her fruit. For us she gave her time.
And as we grew, we felt her pride increase.
Her thought of self was small—of us sublime.
Her love was great, and never would it cease.

I wish I could have seen her in her spring—
Large hazel eyes and heavy auburn hair.
My father knew her in her blossoming.
He loved her long before she was aware.
She taught us, "Beauty is as Beauty does."
She never knew how beautiful she was.

—Olive Trelease

Boundary

He kept his fence in good repair,
Each spring he painted it.
He planted flowers along its length,
And vines to trail a bit.

Just high enough to hold within
A dog, a toddling child,
But low enough to welcome in
All vistas, sunlight aisled.

His fence was just a boundary
That proudly spanned his lawn,
A place for birds to sit and chat,
For friends to lean upon.

—Catherine E. Berry

Why Grumble?

Now why should I grumble?
And why should I moan?
When plans go a-tumble?
I'm not all alone.

Should I let my tears fall
When fortunes go sour?
So many have fears, all
From failures so dour.

Why moan for these through goals,
More sad than the rest?
I'll look for some new goals
And give them my best.

—Ellen E. Morrison

Of Offspring and Off Days

Though quiet remonstrance,
Turned cheek, subtle jest,
Long-suffering patience
Are known to be best.
It's hard to maintain an
Approach that's benign
When heirs are too human,
You're less than divine.

—Laurence C. Smith

In So Many Words

Perhaps the after-dinner speech
That gains the most commending
Is one that shapes its premises
To form a happy ending.

And yet, aside from theme or scheme,
When all is said and done,
I feel an end of any kind
Would be a happy one.

—Florence Pedigo Janssen

This Summer

ENJOY YOUR PRICELESS PRIVILEGE TO READ

RIVERSIDE SERMONS. By *Harry Emerson Fosdick*. An omnibus edition of the enduring masterpieces of one of the greatest preachers of our century. The titles of the sermons are in themselves a key to the wide sweep of his subject matter: Ideas That Use Us, Christian Faith—Fantasy or Truth? When Life Goes to Pieces. A long-awaited volume. Cloth\$3.95

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